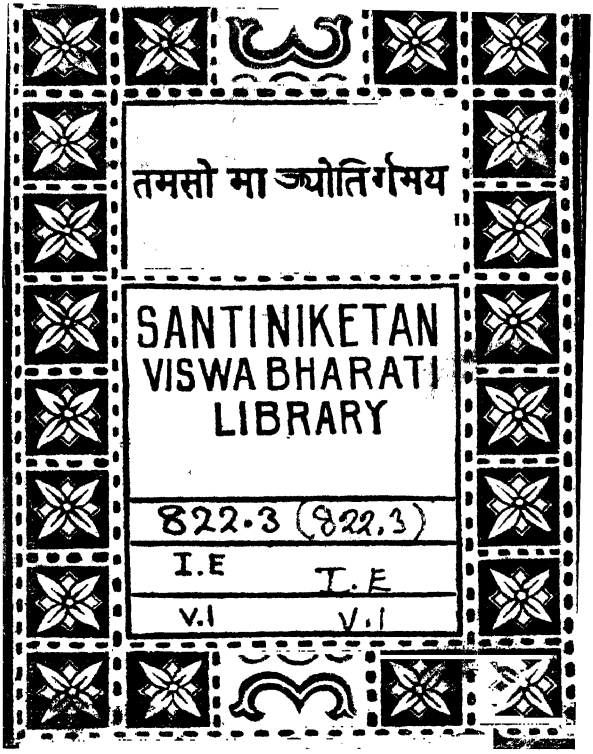
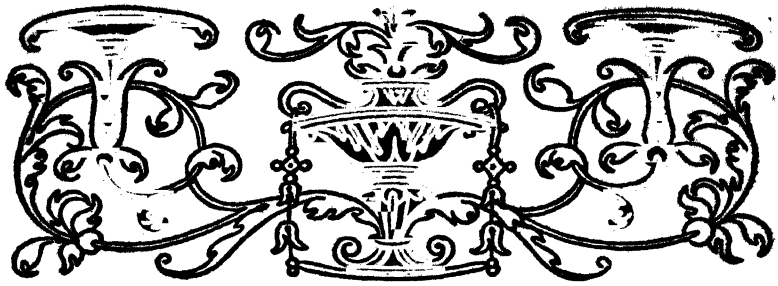

तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय
SANTINIKETAN
VISWA BHARATI
LIBRARY
822.3 (822.3)
I.E
I.E
V.1
V.1



THE IMPERIAL EDITION OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND A
GENERAL INTRODUCTION BY
SIR SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME I

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

LONDON AND CALCUTTA
THE STANDARD LITERATURE CO., LTD.

1920

COPYRIGHT
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY EDMUND GOSSE
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

BY SIDNEY LEE

I

HOMER and Vergil, Dante and Cervantes, Milton and Goethe, are the only writers known to human history who in universality of recognition challenge comparison with Shakespeare. Obviously in the work of every one of these six masters there are certain qualities to which Shakespeare's writings offer no parallel at all. In Shakespeare's writings we seek in vain for the epic simplicity of Homer, the epic majesty of Vergil, the metaphysical fervour of Dante, the serio-comic narrative of Cervantes, the epic sublimity of Milton, the philosophic subtlety of Goethe. On the other hand, Shakespeare's achievement reveals an opulent mastery of one faculty, — the faculty of dramatic expression, of instan-

luminous sanity inspired the conduct of his life no less than that of his work.

Many other phases of his literary career are exceptional and rivet the attention. Shakespeare was at one with the common run of men in acquiring greater knowledge of the world — greater knowledge of practical affairs as his years grew. His experience in this respect was not distinctive. But his progressive work is characterised by much beyond increased command of merely practical or worldly wisdom. No author's work offers clearer evidence than his of the steady and orderly growth of purely poetic faculty, of imaginative and dramatic insight. The approach of age, so far from quickening, often tends to impair such qualities as these. It may be that in the minor currents of Shakespeare's productivity, — at times in his metrical effects and more often in the mechanical construction of his plots, — ebb as well as flow of faculty is discernible. But in a survey of his complete achievement, the feature that overshadows all others is the steadiness with which his poetic, artistic, dramatic power marches forward to perfection. There are signs of haste in the composition and design of his late as well as of his early plays; but these are inconspicuous straws in the mighty stream of his potentiality, which is always moving onwards, always expanding, always deepening.

It is a commonplace of criticism to detect in sequels of great books a falling off, a diminution of excellence. Shakespeare's work affords no opportunity for such observation. It was his frequent practice to resume in later

life a theme that he had treated in earlier life, but whenever his work takes that direction he improves on his first endeavour. Having treated with success one epoch of Roman history in "Julius Cæsar," he shortly afterwards handled the succeeding epoch in "Antony and Cleopatra." Great as is the mastery with which he handled in his first Roman tragedy one mighty crisis in Rome's affairs, it is far inferior to that which he exhibited in the second Roman tragedy which dealt with a second mighty crisis. Finely balanced and penetrating as is the picture of Cæsar's murder, it is outstripped in dramatic intensity and dramatic grandeur by the portrayal of Antony's fate. The fantastic emissary from the spirit world which Shakespeare drew from the contemporary world of popular mythology and embodied in early days in the Puck of "Midsummer Night's Dream," engaged his pencil for a second time near the end of his working life, when he depicted Ariel in the "Tempest." The old character reappears impregnated with a wealth of imaginative colouring and a philosophical significance (suggesting the capabilities of human intellect divested of physical attributes), which leaves the original creation by comparison little more than a bunch of irresponsible rogueries.

Naturally in his late work Shakespeare's hand is surer when he wrestles with complexities of human conduct, but it is especially memorable that in his final labours he showed a greater mastery of the simple as well as of the complex aspects of mortal existence. The freshness of the pastoral incident in "Winter's Tale"—the sheep-shearing feast—surpasses that of all Shakespeare's pres-

entations of country life, whether we compare it with the experimental effort of "Love's Labour's Lost" or the mature effort of "As You Like it." The dirge in "Cymbeline" for native simplicity of thought and expression has no precise parallel in the lyrics of previous years. Even more important is it to note that his capacity to portray boyhood and girlhood, girlhood especially, blossomed in its full beauty when his career was nearing its close. The boy Mamilius in "Winter's Tale" and the two boys in "Cymbeline" embody far more convincingly the charm, originality, and innocence of masculine youth than the little Prince Arthur in "King John" or even Macduff's son in the more recent tragedy of "Macbeth." Nor until Shakespeare's life had reached its last decade did he make the attempt to depict tender, ingenuous girlhood, — girlhood uncontaminated by social intercourse, — girlhood as it was moulded by Nature's hand. The peerless portraits of Beatrice and Rosalind, belonging to his middle life, prove that youthful womanhood, as it developed amid those artifices and conventions which are inseparable from civilised society, had in Shakespeare's eye no lack of bewitching gaiety nor of appealing gentleness. But the tender, ingenuous type of girlhood — of girlhood untouched by the shadows of social tradition and social custom — lay outside the scope of his energies until the end of his days came in sight. Such a type he set himself to create for the first time in Marina in his late play of "Pericles"; he developed it in Perdita in "Winter's Tale," and he wrought its apotheosis in Miranda in "The Tempest." It har-

monises with expectation that in middle age his temperament should have acquired an increased measure of gravity and new profundity of thought which should have guided him triumphantly to the topmost peaks of tragedy. But it is difficult to match in literary history the first emergence in a dramatic poet's latest work of a perfect recognition of the elemental and ethereal spirit of feminine youth and beauty.

II

To Shakespeare's fertile imagination was linked a native alertness of intellect which made him the most accurate of observers of inanimate no less than of animate life. But his powers of invention and observation far from exhaust the range of his endowment. He was endowed in an exalted degree with a third power which is rarely absent from great poets and is constantly and conspicuously present in Shakespeare, — the power of absorbing or assimilating the fruits of reading. Spenser, Milton, Keats, and Tennyson (to mention only great English poets) had the like power, but none had it in quite the same strength as Shakespeare. In his case, as in other cases, this power of literary assimilation rendered more robust the inherent force and activity of both his intellect and imagination. The investigation of this exceptional capacity of assimilation requires a finely balanced judgment. Critics have sometimes credited Shakespeare with exceptional ignorance, even illiteracy. They have treated him as a natural genius, owing noth-

ing to the learning and literature that came before him. That is a view which is contradicted by the external fact of his education at the Grammar School of Stratford-on-Avon, where the gates of Latin literature were opened wide to him. It is more plainly confuted by the internal evidence of his work, where his frequent debt to other authors for his plots and phraseology lies upon the surface. A more modern type of critic has gone to the opposite extreme, and has credited Shakespeare with all the learning of an ideal professor of literature. That notion is as illusory as the other.

The whole truth lies between these two extreme views. Shakespeare was an eager, a rapid, and a wide reader, but he was never a scholar; all that he read passed quickly into his mind, but did not long retain there the precise original form. It was at once assimilated, digested, transmuted by his always dominant intellect and imagination, and when it came forth again, it bore the stamp of his own individuality to a far greater degree than that of its source.

Shakespeare's mind seems to have resembled a highly sensitised photographic plate which need only be exposed for the hundredth part of a second to anything, be it in life or literature, in order to receive upon its surface a finished picture which could be developed and reproduced at will. If Shakespeare's mind for the hundredth part of a second came in contact in an alehouse with a burly, good-humoured toper, the conception of a Falstaff found instantaneous admission to his brain. The character had revealed itself to him in most of its involutions as quickly

as his eye caught sight of its external form and his ear caught the sound of the voice. Books offered Shakespeare the same opportunity of realising human life and experience. A hurried perusal of an Italian story of a Jew in Venice conveyed to him the mental picture of Shylock with all his racial temperament in energetic action, and all the background of Venetian scenery and society accurately defined. A few hours spent over "Plutarch's Lives" brought into being in Shakespeare's brain the true aspects of Roman character and Roman aspiration. Whencesoever the external impression came, whether from the world of books or the world of living men, the same mental power was at work, the same visualising instinct which made the thing he either saw or read of a living and lasting reality.

III

In point of language and metre marked differences are observable between Shakespeare's early and late work. These differences reflect with precision stages of the growth in force of his intellect and imagination. Metre gradually acquires a flexibility which enables it to respond with increasing effect and sureness to human feeling. As Shakespeare's mental strength developed his verse steadily emancipated itself from the hampering restraints of fixed rules of prosody and gained a lawless pliancy which few have ventured to imitate and none have imitated with success. In the blank verse of the early plays a pause is strictly observed at the close of

each line and rhyming couplets are frequent. Gradually the poet defies such artificial restrictions; the constraint of rhyme is well-nigh abandoned altogether; recourse is more frequently made to prose; the pause is varied indefinitely; long speeches are met with in the "Winter's Tale" and "Tempest," in which the pause is set in every place in the lines except the end; extra syllables, in addition to the legitimate ten, are introduced at the close of lines, and at times in the middle; the last word of the line is often a weak, unemphatic, and unaccentable conjunction or preposition.

Similarly Shakespeare's language becomes growingly irregular with the progress of his work. His style develops new obscurities which are the fruit of the quickening pace of his mental processes and the advancing fertility of his imagination. Second thoughts, second fancies, crave expression before the first are completely expounded. The fulness of his ripened mind contrived to load his words with a weight of meaning almost greater than they could conveniently bear. In plays like "Pericles," or "Cymbeline," or "The Tempest," the reader is often left to supply elisions of phrase, which offer embarrassing testimony to the lightning rapidity of their author's thought. Shakespeare has been described as the least grammatical of writers, and the comment is not without justification. For many of the irregularities which puzzle the uninstructed reader, ignorance of the syntactical principles which governed Elizabethan English may be held responsible. But other irregularities owe their presence to complexities inherent in Shake-

speare's perfected genius. Few writers at their maturity offer greater difficulties to the student, who seeks to interpret literary speech accurately or to paraphrase it exactly. Very close application, very constant study, is essential to a full apprehension of Shakespeare's latest compositions. But no literature repays study and application equally well.

IV

The text of Shakespeare has engaged the close attention of many hundred students of high acquirements in many countries, and has proved a fascinating study.[1] Shakespeare's autograph manuscripts are not known to be in existence, and the relation which the printed text bears to his original writing is a question not easy to answer decisively. He did not prepare his dramatic work for the press. Plays in Shakespeare's day were intended to be spoken and not to be read. Shakespeare, like all contemporary dramatists, wrote for the stage and not for the study. His personal disposition may fairly be credited with exceptional modesty, and it is clear that he attached, like Goethe, — one of his greatest successors in the world of literature, — small importance to the fate of his written word.

Every student has to bear in mind that Shakespeare is not known to have superintended the publication of any of his plays. His dramas became, as soon as he had

[1] For an account of the formation of Shakespeare's text the student is referred to the present writer's introduction to the fac-simile reproduction of the Shakespeare First Folio, published by the Oxford University Press, 1902.

written them, the property of playhouse managers, who usually deemed their value diminished by publication, at any rate until they had exhausted their popularity in the theatre. Yet Elizabethan publishers, who were governed little by respect for the rights or feelings of others, often obtained from the playhouses, by fair means or foul, transcripts of plays and then issued them in print, without a careful inquiry as to the authenticity of the "copy" or efficient typographical revision.

During Shakespeare's lifetime there were printed and published by contemporary publishers of habitual irresponsibility sixteen separate plays, beside the two narrative poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," and the "Sonnets," three works which stood on a footing somewhat different from that occupied by the plays and may possibly have been given to the world under Shakespeare's personal care. Another single play, "Othello," was published in the common way six years after his death — in 1622. All these pieces came to light in quarto form.

It was not until seven years after his death that his complete achievement issued from the printing press in the great First Folio Edition of 1623. That volume first gave permanent record to the full range of Shakespeare's work. It excluded one play, "Pericles," which had been printed (in quarto) during the author's lifetime, but no less than twenty dramas, of which the greater number rank among the literary masterpieces of the world, — nine of his fourteen comedies, five of his ten histories, and six of his twelve tragedies, — were for the

first time presented to the reading public, were rescued from urgent peril of oblivion, by the promoters of the First Folio.

The responsibility for this first attempt to give the world a complete edition of Shakespeare's plays mainly lay with the publishers. John Heminge and Henry Condell, the managers of the company of actors to which Shakespeare had belonged in life, lent to the enterprise all the support in their power, and furnished all the "copy" that the playhouse archives afforded. But in 1623 more than thirty years had elapsed since Shakespeare had delivered his first manuscripts to the theatre, and in the case of the delivery of his latest work no less than twelve years had elapsed. During these long intervals misadventures had befallen the company's archives, and it was impossible to count on that storehouse for the supply of all the "copy" that was in request. Happily the promoters of the First Folio had at command transcripts of plays which had fallen into private hands, while the printed quartos offered them the more or less adequate text of sixteen pieces. But the authenticity of the "copy" which (from whatever source) reached the printers of the First Folio varied greatly. At times it had suffered unauthorised interpolation — at times it had suffered unauthorised abbreviation. Some of it was illegible. Yet, in spite of all typographical and critical defects, the First Folio is the sole source of our knowledge of the greater part of the Shakespearean text. The carelessness and ignorance of the printers, alike of many of the quartos and of the First Folio —

their spelling vagaries, their misreadings of the "copy," and their inability to reproduce intelligently any words in a foreign language — have set no mean difficulties in the way of the Shakespearean scholar. But the opportunities of attaining full and satisfying knowledge of Shakespeare's writings must not be unduly disparaged. Many columns of the First Folio and many pages of the quartos can be perused uninterruptedly with understanding by the careful student of Elizabethan typography and Elizabethan English. Probably no more than one in each thousand lines presents really formidable obstacles to the expert reader's progress. And Shakespeare's writings were inherently of too fertile and too potent an excellence to suffer materially or permanently from the embarrassments or incompetence of those who first saw them through the press. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a long line of able editors set all but a few fragments of the original texts on a sound and intelligible typographical footing. The best results were embodied in the Cambridge edition, mainly prepared by Dr. Aldis Wright, and that version of the text is followed in the present edition.

The profitable opportunities which Shakespeare's works offer for exercises in textual criticism are no longer abundant. It is needful indeed to resist the temptation of making fresh conjectural emendations. Many a passage which has puzzled the uninitiated reader and has been denounced by him as a corruption of scrivener or compositor, loses its obscurity, even as it stands in the First Folio, or in the original quartos, in the seeing eye

of the trained Shakespearean scholar. At any rate, none should now endeavour to repair the typographical errors of the first editions who is not specially equipped for the task. It is requisite to acquire beforehand a thorough knowledge of the orthography, the phraseology, the prosody, the technical vocabulary, the printer's and publisher's methods of work, which were in vogue in Shakespeare's era. The textual critic must be gifted with a natural appreciation of the rhythm of prose and verse. He must above all things have faith in the complex resources of Shakespeare's genius and some capacity to realise its varied working. The typographical defects of the original editions of Shakespeare should neither be extenuated nor exaggerated; but the unique place, which those rare volumes hold in the world's literature as the sole surviving sources of first-hand knowledge of Shakespeare's writings, gives their text indefeasible right only to be handled in the sternest spirit of reverent scholarship.

V

It is among the happiest fortunes of the English-speaking peoples that Shakespeare should have written in their tongue, and should have become a link binding them together in a common affection for him. But Shakespeare's glory is no creation of mere patriotic or racial sentiment. Nor can it be justly regarded as an exclusively English possession.

Although an Englishman and an English writer of an epoch in English history which bears very definitely the

THE DEDICATION

TO *the most noble and Incomparable pair of brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, &c Lord Chamberlain to the King's most Excellent Majesty, and Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c Gentleman of his Majesty's bed-chamber, both knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.*[1]

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular, for the many favours we have received from your Lordships, we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear and rashness; rashness in the enterprise and fear of the success. For, when we value the places your Highnesses sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their Author living with so much favour, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book choose

[1] William Herbert, Third Earl of Pembroke (1580–1630), had been Knight of the Garter since 1603 and Lord Chamberlain since 1615. His younger brother Philip (1584–1650), who was created Earl of Montgomery in 1605, was made Knight of the Garter in 1608, and succeeded to the earldom of Pembroke on his elder brother's death in 1630. Both were generous patrons of poets and dramatists, and numerous volumes were, as in the present instance, dedicated to them jointly. Cf. Ducci's *Ars Aulica, or The Courtier's Arte*, 1607, Stephens' *A World of Wonders*, 1607, and *Gerardo, The Unfortunate Spaniard*, a translation by Leonard Digges of a Spanish novel, 1622.

his Patrons or find them. This hath done both. For, so much were your Lordships' likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphans, Guardians, without ambition either of self-profit or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your Lordships but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your Highnesses by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many Nations we have heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods by what means they could, and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your Highnesses these remains of your servant Shakespeare,[1] that what delight is in them may be ever your Lordships', the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to shew their gratitude both to the living and to the dead, as is

Your Lordships' most bounden

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.[2]

[1] As member of the King's Company of Players, Shakespeare was officially designated one of the King's Servants, and took rank with the grooms of the bedchamber. The offices which the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery held at Court gave them authority over the King's actors.

[2] Both Heminge and Condell were leading members of Shakespeare's company of actors, and were intimate friends of the dramatist. To each he left by will *26s 8d* wherewith to buy memorial rings.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell. There you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now public, and you will stand for your privileges, we know: to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Book, the Stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your license the same, and spare not. Judge your sixpen'orth, your shillingsworth, your five shillingsworth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jack go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage[1] at Blackfriars,[2] or the Cock-pit,[3] to arraign Plays daily, know these Plays have had their trial already and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchased Letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished,

[1] In Elizabethan and Jacobean theatres, men of fashion and critics were permitted to occupy seats on the stage.

[2] The Blackfriars' Theatre, on part of the present site of *The Times* office in London, was formed out of a private house in 1597, by Shakespeare's company of actors, but was leased to another company until 1609, and was not occupied by Shakespeare's company till after that date, when the dramatist was nearing retirement from active life.

[3] The Cockpit in Drury Lane was until 1615 devoted to cockfighting and other undignified shows. It was then converted into a theatre, and was a fashionable playhouse until its demolition during the civil war. The existing Drury Lane Theatre stands in its near neighbourhood.

that the Author himself had lived to have set forth, and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his Friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them, and so to have published them, as where (before) you were abused with diverse stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that exposed them: even those, are now offered to your view, cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope to your divers capacities you will find enough, both to draw and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again, and again: and then if you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

To the Memory of my beloved, The Author, Mr. William Shakespeare and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'T is true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For silliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind Affection which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance,
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
There are, as some infamous Bawd, or whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin. Soul of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise: I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie[1]

[1] Burial in what is now known as The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey had been allotted to these three poets. Spenser and Beaumont were interred there in Shakespeare's lifetime, the former early in 1599, the latter only six weeks before Shakespeare's death, on 9 March, 1616. An elegiac sonnet on Shakespeare by William Basse, first printed in John Donne's poems in 1633, and

A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses:
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses.
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell, how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line;[1]
And though thou had'st small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,[2]
To life again, to hear thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: or, when thy Socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison

then appended to the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's Poems, begins thus:

> "Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
> To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie," etc.

Basse's elegy seems to have been written shortly after Shakespeare's death on 23 April, 1616, and Ben Jonson apparently owed to it the suggestion for these lines.

[1] John Lyly (1554?–1606), the author of *Euphues*, made much reputation as a writer of comedies. Thomas Kyd (1557?–1595?) and Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593) gained their fame in tragedy. Only Marlowe was gifted with genuine tragic power.

[2] Of the three writers of Latin tragedies here mentioned, fragments alone survive of the work of Marcus Pacuvius (220–130 B.C.) and of Lucius Accius (170–90 B.C.). The well-known dramatist, Lucius Annæus Seneca, a native of Cordova, (5 B.C.–65 A.D.), ten of whose tragedies are extant in a complete state, is intended by "him of Cordova."

Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil: turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
For a good Poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so, the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a Lance,
As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,

And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanced, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: JONSON.[1]

UPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS SCENIC POET, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE *hands, which you so clapped, go now and wring,*
You Britons brave, for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty Plays,
Which made the Globe[2] *of heaven and earth to ring.*
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turned all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays:
That corpse, that coffin now bestick those bays,
Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets' King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this:

[1] Ben Jonson (1573?–1637), the poet and dramatist, was, for the last eighteen years of Shakespeare's life, on terms of intimacy with him. In his *Discoveries* Jonson wrote of Shakespeare in a more critical vein, but included there the famous words, "I loved the man and do honour his memory on this side Idolatry as much as any. . . . There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

[2] The Globe Theatre on the Bankside, Southwark, was built in 1599 and was thenceforth identified with the production of Shakespeare's dramas.

Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Death's public tiring-house) the Nuncius is.
For though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.[1]

TO THE MEMORY OF M[R]. W. SHAKESPEARE

WE *wondered (Shakespeare) that thou went'st so soon*
From the World's Stage, to the Grave's Tiring-room.
We thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth
Tells thy Spectators that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actor's Art
Can die and live to act a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortality;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.[2]

[1] Hugh Holland (d. 1633), Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a member of the Mermaid Club, contributed verses to Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, 1605, and to many other books by well-known authors of the day.

[2] *I. M.*] i. e., James Mabbe (1572–1642?), Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, who was well known in his day as a translator from the Spanish.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

To the Memory of the deceased Author Master W. Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE, *at length thy pious fellows give*
The world thy Works: thy Works, by which outlive
Thy Tomb thy name must; when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,[1]
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Book,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all Ages: when Posterity
Shall loathe what 's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's: every Line, each Verse
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy Hearse.
Nor Fire, nor cankering Age, as Naso said[2]
Of his, thy wit-fraught Book shall once invade.
Nor shall I ere believe, or think thee dead
(Though missed) until our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet or her Romeo;
Or till I hear a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-Sword parleying Romans spake,
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expressed,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with Laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.[3]

[1] This is the earliest known reference to the monument to Shakespeare in the chancel of the church at Stratford-on-Avon.

[2] *Naso said*] Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, XV, 871 *seqq.* Shakespeare adapts the same lines in his Sonnets (LV, 1–7).

[3] Leonard Digges (1588–1635), M. A., of University College, Oxford, contributed a second elegy on Shakespeare in somewhat similar vein to the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's Poems.

THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYS:[1]

†William Shakespeare
†Richard Burbage
John Heminge
Augustine Phillips
†William Kemp
†Thomas Pope
†George Bryan
Henry Condell
†William Sly
†Richard Cowley
John Lowin
Samuel Cross
†Alexander Cook
Samuel Gilburn
†Robert Armin
†William Ostler
Nathaniel Field
John Underwood
Nicholas Tooley
William Ecclestone
Joseph Taylor
Robert Benfield
Robert Gough
Richard Robinson
John Shank
John Rice

[1] These men were fellow-members with Shakespeare of the King's Company of Players. Those marked † died before the publication of the First Folio in 1623. The last survivor of these fellow-actors of Shakespeare was John Lowin. He seems to have died at the patriarchal age of ninety-three in 1669.

ADDITIONAL COMMENDATORY VERSES FROM THE SECOND FOLIO OF 1632

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author Master William Shakespeare, and his works

SPECTATOR, *this Life's Shadow is to see*
The truer image and a livelier he
Turn Reader. But, observe his Comic vein,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragic strain,
Then weep; so when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,
Say, (who alone affect such wonders could)
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold.[1]

An epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakespeare[2]

WHAT *need my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,*
The labour of an Age, in pilèd stones
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing Pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What needst thou such dull witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lasting Monument:

[1] These lines bear no signature, and there is no clue to their authorship.

[2] These lines are by John Milton, and were re-printed in the 1645 edition of his poems with the heading "On Shakespeare. 1630."

For whil'st to the shame of slow-endeavouring Art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each part
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Book,
Those Delphic Lines with deep Impression took;
Then thou our fancy of her self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so Sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

On Worthy Master Shakespeare and his Poems

A MIND *reflecting ages past, whose clear*
And equal surface can make things appear
Distant a Thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours' just extent:
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal Ghost from Churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what Poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soulless shows: to give a Stage
(Ample and true with life) voice, action, age,
As Plato's year and new Scene of the world
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient Sovereigns from their hearse,
Make Kings his subjects; by exchanging verse,
Enlive their pale trunks; that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:

Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then, laughing at our fear; abus'd and glad
To be abus'd, affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false; pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start; and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crablike way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravine for our sport:
— While the Plebeian Imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a vigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire,
To steer th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stol'n from ourselves —
This, and much more, which cannot be express'd,
But by himself, his tongue and his own breast,
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the ninefold train.
The buskin'd Muse, the Comic Queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand,
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The Silver-voiced Lady; the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts.
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another
(Obey'd by all as Spouse, but lov'd as brother)
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly Russet, and the Scarlet bright;
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted Spring

Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run
Italian works whose thread the Sisters spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice.
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain purled: not the air,
Nor clouds nor thunder, but were living drawn,
Not out of common Tiffany or Lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortal garments pent, — death may destroy,
They say, his body, but his verse shall live
And more than nature takes, our hands shall give;
In a less volume, but more strongly bound
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak, with Laurel crown'd
Which never fades: fed with Ambrosian meat
In a well-lined vesture rich and neat.
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his Endowments. I. M. S.[1]

[1] *I. M. S.*] These initials have not been satisfactorily explained. Coleridge, who quoted the poem in his "Lectures on Shakespeare," 1811–12 (No. IX), and declared it to have "no equal for justness and distinctness of description in reference to the powers and qualities of lofty genius," confidently assigned it to John Milton, Student. Another claimant is Jasper Mayne, Student, a well-known poet and dramatist (1604–1672). "In Memoriam Scriptoris," "John Milton, Senior," "John Marston, Student," "John Marston, Satyrist" seem to be less probable interpretations.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

INTRODUCTION

THE history of "The Comedy of Errors" is not encumbered with many of those theories which have heaped about the tomb of Shakespeare so vast a cairn of conjecture. The commentators find little in its text to provoke their ingenuity, and no battle royal has raged about the questions of its date or its authorship. It is quietly allowed, by the most sceptical, to be an unadulterated work of the master, and no one has seriously attempted to overturn the slender, but sensible and sufficient, arguments on which its position among Shakespeare's writings is based. No early quarto of it is known; it appears for the first time immediately after "Measure for Measure" in the folio of 1623. Meres mentions it among his six excellent comedies of Shakespeare in 1598, in the course of his "Palladis Tamia." But we know that it was played in 1594, and it is evidently

still older. There is a patent reference in the third act to that civil war in France which went on from the summer of 1589 to that of 1593. Another and vaguer allusion to "whole armadoes of carracks" is supposed to confine us to the period 1589–91. The consensus of internal evidence, in end-tests and the like, puts "The Comedy of Errors" second in the series of Shakespeare's undoubted plays, between "Love's Labour 's Lost," which may belong to 1589, and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," which may belong to 1591. We are not likely to be confuted if we claim 1590 for its year of composition.

The critical interest of "The Comedy of Errors" centres in the fact that it is the only surviving play of Shakespeare in which we observe that he deliberately or closely follows a previous work from the hand of an acknowledged master of drama. In other productions we find him competing with such contemporaries as Greene and Kyd, and easily excelling them. Elsewhere we may persuade ourselves to see the influence of Seneca upon him, or even that of Ariosto. But these traces of apprenticeship to foreign models are slight, and above all they are fragmentary and episodical. For instance, — and we can wish for none more appropriate, — we see in the strictly parallel farce of "The Taming of the Shrew" evidence of Latin and Italian influence, yet this play is in its essentials — that is to say, in all its unchallenged Petruchio and Katherine scenes — in conception as well as execution a characteristic and independent work of Shakespeare. This "The Comedy of Errors" is not; here for once and never again Shake-

speare bent his genius to that of a predecessor only less adventurous than himself. It was one thing to compete with the vague "precursors" of 1580; it was another thing to interpret, as an engraver interprets a painting, a masterpiece by the greatest comic playwright of Latin antiquity.

Hence the very first thing to be done in examining "The Comedy of Errors" critically is to discover what relation it bears to the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, of which it is a studied paraphrase or recast. No English translation of Plautus had been published when Shakespeare's play was composed, and commentators have shown great ingenuity in trying to prove that the poet must have had access to an English version of the "Menæchmi," made in verse by William Warner, but not printed until 1594. It is to exaggerate the littleness of Shakespeare's "little Latin" to suppose that he required such help. At that time Plautus was abundantly studied in England, and nothing could have been easier than to obtain a sufficiently full impression of a text which was at no point to be implicitly followed. No doubt the omniscience of Shakespeare has been exaggerated, but it is needless to carry reaction so far as to regard him as a dunce and an ignoramus. The existence of adaptations of the "farce of mistaken identity" in several languages has led some critics to see in these the sources of Shakespeare's play, and, in particular, a rough-and-tumble drollery called "Jack Juggler," of 1563, has been named. But a glance at these trifles will prove to us that Shakespeare, if he knew of them, discarded them

altogether, and started anew from the plot of the "Menæchmi."

There was much in the temperament of Plautus which could not fail to be attractive to the youthful Shakespeare, who would instinctively recognise in that joyous buccaneer of the Latin stage qualities closely akin to certain of his own. The sort of boisterous animal spirits, held in check only by such discipline as the cultivation of romantic beauty may supply, would be exemplified for us in dramatic literature of the first class only by the works of Plautus, if Shakespeare had not written "The Comedy of Errors," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Nearly seventeen centuries passed over Europe without producing a playwright capable of attempting to rival, in its own redundant and efflorescent kind, the marvellous comedy of "The Captives." In a brilliant passage, too, Mr. Mackail has shown that if we wish to discover a parallel to the maritime romance of the "Rudens" we must look for it no earlier than in "A Winter's Tale." It is the more needful to remind ourselves of these elements of likeness between Shakespeare and Plautus, because it is precisely in the "Menæchmi" that the likeness may evade us, since the latter comes down to us as one of the least sentimental and least romantic of all the pure farces of Plautus. Perhaps the note which criticism should strike in approaching "The Comedy of Errors" is that this is the "Menæchmi" rewritten as Plautus himself might have composed it had he approached the subject in one of his more lyrical and more fertile moods.

The comedy of the "Menæchmi" has been called dry and bare. It is, as we have admitted, less clothed upon in the raiment of romantic poetry than even some of its own coevals. But it cannot be depreciated without danger of injustice, and still more shall we be liable to that charge if we attempt to minimise Shakespeare's debt to it. The central notion of the twin-brothers, who have not met or heard of one another since early childhood, each suddenly infringing on the social province of the other, and starting a myriad burlesque confusions,—this may or may not be original in the Latin dramatist. But we know of no earlier version of it, and we may be content to suppose it, as Shakespeare of course never doubted it to be, the invention of Plautus.

It is one of the most innocently diverting and most successfully farcical of all the germ-plots invented or adapted by Plautus; and we may see that Shakespeare —who knew other plays by the same dramatist, since there are clear evidences of his acquaintance with the "Amphitryon" and "The Captives"—was drawn to it at once by its inherent excellence and perhaps by the comparatively meagre use which Plautus had made of its opportunities for farcical movement.

Shakespeare began by falling into what was, I suppose, a small direct error. The scene of the "Menæchmi" was Epidamnus (or "Epidamnum," as Shakespeare calls it). This place was situated on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, in what is now Albania; the modern name of it is Durazzo, and it lies exactly south of Dulcigno. Not only was this town in relation with Syracuse, and not

at all with Ephesus, but Shakespeare's own story brings in Epidamnum and Epidaurus, too; some critics have suggested that he chose Ephesus because it was a centre of witchcraft. I confess I cannot pretend to follow the geography of "The Comedy of Errors," although that of the "Menæchmi" is intelligible enough. In manipulating the story, however, Shakespeare's next change was altogether an improvement upon Plautus. Ægeon, whose name in the Latin play is Moschus, had died of grief long before the "Menæchmi" begins, and it is the grandfather who survives and who is the prime mover of the search; he remains, however, in Syracuse, and all the beautiful first scene of "The Comedy of Errors," with the humane Duke of Ephesus, and the sad, romantic figure of the sea-worn Ægeon, is wholly Shakespeare's in conception as well as in execution. This scene, too, contains one of his splendid shipwrecks, not less fine, in its quieter way, than the celebrated description in "Pericles." And Æmilia, too, the Abbess, who in such a charming, childish fashion turns out at the end of the play to have been Ægeon's wife, and mother to the restless and unobservant Antipholus at her doors, — she also is one of Shakespeare's sketches, and responds to nothing at all in the "Menæchmi."

It is particularly worthy of notice, in this connection, that "The Comedy of Errors," if we compare it closely with the rest of its author's very early plays, is remarkable for its solid and consistent architecture. It seems, in a word, to have a better structure than they have. This is directly owing to Plautus, and it is very interesting

to see how, at this early stage in his career, the man who was to become the greatest maker of plays in the world, admitted the superior judgment of his great Latin predecessor. When he was conceiving "The Comedy of Errors," say in 1589, Shakespeare had not attained, in this technical matter of the building up of a good stage-play, the vivid and sprightly art of Plautus. I do not know anything more interesting in its way than the evidence which "The Comedy of Errors" offers us of the fact that Shakespeare was aware of his own immaturity. In this play, and in this alone, we see him face to face with a writer of his own class, who is still his superior as an artist, and we find him loyally acknowledging that, in the conduct of a lively plot, Plautus still knows the business better than he does.

In the central intrigues of the play, we discover that Shakespeare does not diverge at all from his Latin original. As the "Menæchmi," so "The Comedy of Errors" rests on the humorous situation of a twin-brother unexpectedly turning up in the domestic life of a man who has never given him a thought, yet who is practically so identical with the intruder that those most intimate with the one cannot distinguish him from the other. In all this essential part of the story, the conception of the two Antipholi is precisely the same as that of Menæchmus of Epidamnus and Menæchmus Sosicles. And the unities of time and place which Shakespeare on other occasions ("The Tempest" being the great exception) has treated with so much indifference, are here carefully transferred from the Latin. There is even the same

confusion, or heedlessness, about the age of the brothers. The commentators of "The Comedy of Errors" have been much occupied in reconciling the "thirty-three years" of which the Abbess speaks at the end of the fifth act with Ægeon's vague arithmetic in the first act. But Plautus is just as uncertain, and unless we read him very closely, we may be led to believe that the twin-brothers were only in their twelfth year when Sosicles came to Epidamnus.

Throughout, the nature of Shakespeare's change is not in the direction of complete modification of the plot, but in that of adornment, addition, enrichment. The most striking instance of this is the creation of the second Dromio, as twin-slave, who repeats, in an exquisitely entertaining way, the embarrassing identity of his master. In Plautus, the slave of the invading Menæchmus is named Messenio, and he has no counterpart in Epidamnus. The place there of the other Dromio is filled partly by Cylindrus the cook, partly by Peniculus the parasite. By omitting these characters, Shakespeare lost a little in variety, but he gained extremely in richness of humour. He doubled his effects, and, in doing so, we notice his skill in intensifying instead of distracting our keen and delighted observation of the Master Twins. For the odd adventures of either Dromio are so conceived that they never disturb the imbroglio, but always add to it, and this little change of purview increases at every turn the fun of the intrigue.

To support his Dromios, — who have now to be relieved of some of the comic business, — Shakespeare has invented Balthazar, Angelo, and the Merchants. But it

is observable that in the figure of Pinch, the schoolmaster, he adopts, with very slight alteration, a truly Plautan creation, the unseemly being who is an unnamed Doctor in the "Menæchmi." These changes are quite unimportant, but that is not the case with the beautiful and touching figure of Luciana, the sister-in-law of Antipholus of Ephesus. This was a conception which could never have occurred to the boisterous Latin playwright, and no more exquisite example of Shakespeare's delicate humanity, of the "gospel-light" in which he lived and worked, could be given than this introduction of a pure, generous, and romantic girl into the background of his romping farce. He forgets all about Plautus on the few occasions on which he allows this pretty creature to entertain us, and in the earliest and almost the only scene in which a long speech is given to Luciana, she comes on to the boards with Antipholus of Syracuse in a smiling temper to which nothing short of two complete sonnets can give expression. And in these pieces of flowing, rounded verse, we have, perhaps for the first time, that note of gentle amenity, of persuasive feminine sweetness, which Shakespeare was to create in English poetry: —

> "Alas! poor women! make us but believe,
> Being compact of credit, that you love us;
> Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
> We in your motion turn, — and you may move us!" —

so Luciana murmurs, like a brooklet or a wood-lark, and we forget for a moment that she is dancing hand in hand with Punch and Judy.

We are discovered, however, in the act of *lèse-majesté* towards the matronly figure of Adriana. But Adriana it is, surely, impossible to take very seriously. Oddly enough, it is precisely in this character that critics of the past have enforced themselves to see, not merely the special art of Shakespeare, but numerous traits of his personal habits and even of his autobiography. "Oh! that second-best bed at Stratford," the commentators have cried, even as they have actually been reminded of his own twin-babies by the brothers of Syracuse and Ephesus! But the fact is that it was no precocious observation of the shrewishness of wives, any more than any domestic note of the similarity of twins, that produced these features of "The Comedy of Errors." As completely as Luciana belongs to Shakespeare, so does Adriana belong to Plautus. We have only to turn to the "Menæchmi" to see that the wife of the brother in Epidamnus (the invading brother is in each play still unmarried) is precisely such a shrew as Adriana is. Her *petulantia linguæ*, her hasty freakish temper, her qualities of a scold and a termagant, are not indicated by Shakespeare more clearly than by Plautus, although more carefully, with less of the flying touch of a mere brilliant sketch. But the wife of Menæchmus fidgets and fusses exactly as Adriana does; her husband does not scruple to call her a "lioness," and she has a father — whom Shakespeare ignored — who acknowledges and deprecates the violence of her temper.

At the close of the "Menæchmi," the indignant wife flies into the house in terror of the violence of Menæchmus

Sosicles, and we see no more of her. Plautus was not sufficiently interested in her to let us hear how she was affected by the clearing up of the mystery of the two brothers. But Shakespeare is infinitely more subtle than this. He is too closely touched by the misfortunes of Adriana to pack her off, mystified and punished, in her rebellion of spirit. The feigned madness of the husband occurs in each play, but it is Shakespeare only who imagines the cry from Adriana's heart: —

"Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad,"

and who makes her in her remorse accuse herself of offences against her husband, which are so much too emphatic that the gentle Luciana is obliged at once to protest. It is more than doubtful, indeed, whether either Menæchmus in the farce of Plautus would be held by the audience to deserve such consideration. The part of the Courtesan (she is called Erotium in the Latin play) has been preserved and rather closely transferred by Shakespeare to "The Comedy of Errors." But Antipholus is rather a wayward visitor than anything worse, whereas Menæchmus of Epidamnus is the bearer to Erotium of presents which he has impudently stolen from his wife's wardrobe. The other brother is not less of a rogue, for he is content to rob Erotium of her mantle and her bracelet; and slight as is the change which Shakespeare has introduced, in the business of the goldsmith and the chain, we feel it to produce in every particular an improvement in grace and moral decorum. So, too, it will be noticed that on each occasion Plautus's slaves are

much more impudent and disloyal than Shakespeare could ever allow his to be, even at their most petulant moments.

In the beginning of the third act of "The Comedy of Errors," Shakespeare enriches his material by borrowing from another comedy of Plautus, the "Amphitruo." In that play Jupiter takes the shape of the Theban general while he is away from Thebes, fighting for his country, and the god is accompanied by Mercury in the guise of Sosia, Amphitryon's slave. The general returns, and is driven away by the intruders, the imbroglio being almost exactly the same as that accepted by the English poet. Shakespeare, however, with his customary tact, redeems the situation from its Latin coarseness, and keeps this incident also in the light, high key of the rest of his farcical comedy. It might be worth while, before we lay down "The Comedy of Errors," to see how the "Amphitruo" episode was treated later on by Molière, and, more independently than is commonly realised, by Dryden. The curious reader should, at the same time, glance at "Les Jumeaux," in which Rotrou made his adaptation of the "Menæchmi" plot.

On the whole we see that what is particulary observant in the general character of "The Comedy of Errors" is the light it throws on the advancing technical skill of Shakespeare. Up to this time the genius of the youthful dramatist had shown itself more in splendid passages and single lines than in the building up of a whole play. The more closely we examine these earliest years, it must be confessed, the more vague do the lines of biography

become, the more do the outlines flicker in the dim air of our ignorance. However, we do see faintly, as precedent to our "Comedy of Errors," a chain of chronicle-plays on the reign of Henry VI. with such unmistakably Shakespearian things in them as the death of Mortimer and the farce of Jack Cade; more dimly still we see a "Titus Andronicus," perhaps by Kyd, which Shakespeare may have touched; while really the only very certain testimony to his skill as a craftsman is "Love's Labour 's Lost," to which all critics combine in assigning priority among Shakespeare's productions for the stage.

The plot of "Love's Labour 's Lost" is of the slightest and the feeblest, and it is moreover believed to be Shakespeare's invention. It is plausible to suppose that the thinness of it was patent to him as he revised it, and that he persuaded himself that he had been too ambitious in taking upon his sole fancy so arduous a task. In the chronicle-play and in the Roman horror, he merely embroiders upon some rough texture woven by Kyd or Greene or a humbler playwright quite unknown. None of these, nor yet his own still callow invention, satisfies Shakespeare, whom we now find in "The Comedy of Errors" going humbly and attentively to school. This is a work of mental discipline; here he is sitting at the feet of Plautus, no rough amateur with a brilliant notion of stage-business, like Kyd, but a finished and exquisitely accomplished master of the theatre. One of the slightest pieces of this Latin playwright, one which is so slight that it is almost a sketch, Shakespeare takes and adapts with a careful sense of his own deficiencies and of the

requirements of the new and ardent English public. He looks to Plautus to learn how to please, but already he is tall enough to peer over the Latin poet's shoulder and to see theatrical possibilities of which Plautus never dreamed.

Our task, therefore, is to weigh these possibilities, to examine these embroideries. We find that they are all of them, without exception, additions in the direction of what is humane and graceful and fanciful. The note of Plautus, with all his boisterous high spirits, is hard and dry; his humour is that of a daring and brilliant schoolboy. Shakespeare introduces the adult mood; even his farce is tender and indulgent. Where Plautus sees nothing but the obvious horse-play, the nuances of humanity reveal themselves to Shakespeare. The characters in the "Menæchmi" are marionettes, moved about the stage, indeed, with marvellous adroitness and turning somersaults with dazzling agility, but in their essence mechanical, with an energy that is vicious, puerile, and practically non-existent. Shakespeare comes and clothes these dolls with romantic life, adding here a touch and there a movement which just suffices to remove them out of the realm of the puppet-show. He is not yet a perfect master of his own genius, and in consequence the transformation is not complete. The little figures seem to palpitate for a few minutes, and then they stiffen again into marionettes. But at all events, the breath of life has passed over the stage; the first puffs of it brighten the eyes and fill the hair of Luciana and Ægeon.

It would take us too far to enter very closely into the

relations which ingenuity may discover between "The Comedy of Errors" and other plays of Shakespeare. There is entanglement in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and mistaken identity in "Twelfth Night." The attitude of Adriana to her husband, Antipholus of Ephesus, is repeated with much greater fulness in "The Taming of the Shrew." In all these instances the Elizabethan poet takes from Plautus what he finds left there in a state entirely mundane and superficial, and he adds to it his own spiritual colouring. In "Hamlet" he was to say, speaking of the Players, that

> "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light for them;"

Shakespeare had always present with him this conviction of the "lightness" of the Latin playwright, whose "Miles Gloriosus" had led directly to the earliest English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," and who had inspired "Gammer Gurton's Needle" with his boisterous humour. Shakespeare does not reject or disdain this boyish gaiety, but he adds solidity to it; he takes the naked Latin farce and dresses it in rich brocades.

The romantic humanity of Shakespeare is finely illustrated by every one of the additions and modifications which make "The Comedy of Errors" what it is. Even the points which are merely indicated add to this impression. For instance, the "Menæchmi" leaves us in doubt, when the curtain falls, as to the future welfare of the characters; we feel that they may easily slip back into unseemly wrangle and nefarious intrigue. Their imbroglio has been excessively diverting, but it has led to

no distinct moral issue. But when "The Comedy of Errors" closes, it has diverted us still more than the "Menæchmi" did, and we feel in addition that its confusions have led directly towards peace and repose. There is nothing left uncomfortable and furtive, there is no temptation to return to the wrangling mood. We are convinced that Adriana's shrewishness has been shamed out of her for life; that Luciana will make a perfect consort for Antipholus of Syracuse; that Ægeon and the Abbess — now recognised as the matron Æmilia — will gather their patriarchal family around them in Ephesus, and that all will be tranquillity.

Finally, we must not allow ourselves to fall into the error of overpraising "The Comedy of Errors." It is not a work of the highest order; it is marked by executive faults, tameness in the versification, timidity in the exposition of character, crudity and thinness in the language. It is not one of Shakespeare's great complex masterpieces, glowing and luminous from beginning to end. But it is a charmingly sportive and garrulous farce of his unfinished youth, and it has the extreme importance of being that work in which, more than anywhere else, we can watch the technical development of his style and the evidences of his growing skill and selective self-criticism.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

Solinus, duke of Ephesus.
Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse.
Antipholus of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons to
Antipholus of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Æmilia.
Dromio of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attendants on
Dromio of Syracuse, } the two Antipholuses.
Balthazar, a merchant.
Angelo, a goldsmith.
First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
Pinch, a schoolmaster.

Æmilia, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Luciana, her sister.
Luce, servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene — *Ephesus.*

[1] This play was first printed in the First Folio. The *Dramatis Personæ* was first supplied in Nicholas Rowe's edition of 1709.

ACT FIRST—SCENE I

A HALL IN THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants

ÆGEON

PROCEED, SOLINUS, TO procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

DUKE. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,

4 *partial*] inclined.

8 *guilders*] money. Cf. IV, i, 4, *infra*. The word reproduces the Dutch

Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

ÆGE. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

DUKE. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

ÆGE. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end

"gulden," a standard coin of the Low Countries, a silver piece worth about 40 cents, or 1*s.* 8*d.*

Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,

35 *nature*] natural affection.

42 *Epidamnum*] The Folio reading is *Epidamium*. *Epidamnum*, which is Pope's correction, has been generally adopted. It is the form found in W. W's translation of Plautus' *Menæchmi*, 1595. The correct name of the town is "Epidamnos."

Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,

Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came, — O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

DUKE. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

ÆGE. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;

That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
DUKE. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.
ÆGE. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant — so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name —
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.
DUKE. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,

125 *My youngest boy, etc.*] This does not quite harmonise with other passages of Ægeon's story; at lines 79 and 110 he describes himself as separated from his "latter-born" son, who is carried away from him along with his wife. The discrepancy is due to Shakespeare's hasty composition.

131 *labour'd of a love*] was troubled by a desire.

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

GAOL. I will, my lord.

ÆGE. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — THE MART

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, *and* First Merchant

FIRST MER. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,

Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

ANT. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

DRO. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

ANT. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

FIRST MER. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

ANT. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

FIRST MER. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit.*

28 *consort you*] accompany you. Cf. *L. L. L.*, II, i, 177: "Sweet health and fair desires *consort* your Grace"; *Rom. & Jul.*, III, i, 135, and *Jul. Caes.*, V, i, 83.

ANT. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?
DRO. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

38 *confounds*] destroys, loses.

41 *almanac . . . date*] The speaker was born at the same hour as the newcomer, who is therefore called the indicator of the other's true date of birth.

52 *Are penitent*] Suffer penance (by fasting and praying).

ANT. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
DRO. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
ANT. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
DRO. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.
ANT. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
DRO. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
ANT. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.
DRO. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

63–65 *post . . . score*] A post usually stood in the middle of a shop or a tavern, and on it the scores of customers were chalked up. The words in line 63, *in post*, which suggest the quibble, mean "in haste."
66 *clock*] Pope's emendation of the original reading *cook*.

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

ANT. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

DRO. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

ANT. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

DRO. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

ANT. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

DRO. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

ANT. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,

80 *stands on tricks*] indulges in tricks.
96 *o'er-raught*] over-reached, cheated out of, cheated.

Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

102 *liberties of sin*] Hanmer reads *libertines*. Steevens explains "licensed offenders." Malone gives the more probable interpretation, "licentious actions."

ACT SECOND — SCENE I

THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA

ADRIANA

NEITHER MY HUSBAND nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

LUC. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They 'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

ADR. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUC. Because their business still lies out o' door.

ADR. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

LUC. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

ADR. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
LUC. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
ADR. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
LUC. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
ADR. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
LUC. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.
ADR. How if your husband start some other where?
LUC. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
ADR. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;

34–37] The identical sentiment is repeated in *Much Ado*, V, i, 20–31.

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
LUC. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus

ADR. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
DRO. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
ADR. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
DRO. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
LUC. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
DRO. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.
ADR. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
DRO. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
ADR. Horn-mad, thou villain!
DRO. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.

41 *fool-begg'd*] admittedly or notoriously foolish. There is an allusion to the custom of begging or petitioning for the guardianship of any one who was admitted to be a fool. Here patience is personified as the "fool" whose guardianship is begged.

54 *understand*] stand under: a poor quibble. Cf. *Two Gent.*, II, v, 28.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
"'T is dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:
"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:
"Will you come home?" quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he,
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold!" quoth he:
"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

LUC. Quoth who?

DRO. E. Quoth my master:
"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADR. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

DRO. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

ADR. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

DRO. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

ADR. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

DRO. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?

80 *holy head*] The quibble on *cross* suggests the punning use of *holy* in the sense of "full of holes."

82 *round*] blunt, outspoken. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, i, 191. The word quibblingly suggests *football* and *leather* in 83 and 85.

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

LUC. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

ADR. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

LUC. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

ADR. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;

88 *starve for a merry look*] Cf. *Sonnets*, xlvii, 3, "famish'd for a look," and lxxv, 10, "starved for a look."

98 *defeatures*] disfigurements. Shakespeare is the only Elizabethan writer who uses the word in this sense, and that only here, in V, i, 299, *infra*, and in *Venus and Adonis*, 736.

fair] beauty. This substantival use of the adjective is common in Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. Cf. *Sonnets*, xvi, 11; xviii, 7 and 10; lxviii, 3; and lxxxiii, 2.

Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.
LUC. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

ANT. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.

107 *alone, alone*] Thus the Second Folio, which substitutes the second *alone* for the two words *a loue* of the First Folio. Though some emendation of the original text is essential, it is doubtful if the Second Folio reading be correct. Hanmer read *alone, alas.*

110–112 *yet the gold . . . gold*] Thus in the First Folio, save for Theobald's correction of *Wear* for *Where* (l. 112). The meaning seems to be that gold which is touched or tested lasts long, and at the same time much touching or handling wears gold down.

113 *By falsehood*] Theobald's reading, *But falsehood,* makes better sense.

I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

DRO. S. What answer, sir? when spake I, such a word?

ANT. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

DRO. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

ANT. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

DRO. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

ANT. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*

DRO. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANT. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

DRO. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

ANT. S. Dost thou not know?

DRO. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

ANT. S. Shall I tell you why?

DRO. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

ANT. S. Why, first, — for flouting me; and then, wherefore, —
For urging it the second time to me.

DRO. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

ANT. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

29 *make a common of*] make ground open to all, intrude upon.

35–38 *sconce . . . insconce*] *Sconce* is used at first for "head" and then for "head covering," or "helmet." Cf. I, ii, 79, *supra*.

38 *seek . . . shoulders*] find my wit in my back, *i. e.* run away.

DRO. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

ANT. S. I 'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time ?

DRO. S. No, sir : I think the meat wants that I have.

ANT. S. In good time, sir ; what 's that ?

DRO. S. Basting.

ANT. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

DRO. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

ANT. S. Your reason ?

DRO. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

ANT. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time : there 's a time for all things.

DRO. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

ANT. S. By what rule, sir ?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

ANT. S. Let 's hear it.

DRO. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

ANT. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery ?

61 *choleric*] Cf. *T. of Shrew*, IV, i, 173–175, for a like reference to the choleric effects of overcooked meat.

62 *dry basting*] beating that does not draw blood. See *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 263.

73 *fine and recovery*] This phrase is employed again in *M. Wives*, IV, ii, 225, and *Hamlet*, V, i, 115. It is somewhat loosely employed. "Fine" and "recovery" were names of legal processes which rendered ownership absolute and incontestable.

DRO. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

ANT. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

DRO. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

ANT. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DRO. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

ANT. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

DRO. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

ANT. S. For what reason?

DRO. S. For two; and sound ones too.

ANT. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

DRO. S. Sure ones, then.

ANT. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

DRO. S. Certain ones, then.

ANT. S. Name them.

DRO. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

81–82 *more hair than wit*] For further reference to this proverb cf. *Two Gent.*, III, i, 361.

84 *lose his hair*] A symptom of venereal disease. Cf. line 88.

97 *tiring*] dressing. Pope's emendation of the old reading *trying*.

ANT. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

DRO. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

ANT. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

DRO. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers

ANT. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA

ADR. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!

122 *better part*] The soul, as in *Sonnets*, xxxix, 2, lxxiv, 8: "My spirit is thine, the better part of me."

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

ANT. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;

145 *distain'd*] The sense requires that this word should have the unusual meaning of "unstained." It ordinarily means "deeply stained," "defiled."

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.
LUC. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
ANT. S. By Dromio?
DRO. S. By me?
ADR. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
ANT. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
DRO. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
ANT. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
DRO. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
ANT. S. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration.
ADR. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
ANT. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
LUC. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
DRO. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
LUC. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
DRO. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?
ANT. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
DRO. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
ANT. S. Thou hast thine own form.
DRO. S. No, I am an ape.
LUC. If thou art changed to aught, 't is to an ass.
DRO. S. 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

189 *sprites*] Pope completed the line by inserting *elvish* before *sprites*; the change has been generally adopted.

'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
ADR. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
ANT. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this midst at all adventures go.
DRO. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
ADR. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
LUC. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD—SCENE I

BEFORE THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR

ANTIPHOLUS E.

GOOD SIGNIOR ANGELO, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

DRO. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
ANT. E. I think thou art an ass.
DRO. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
ANT. E. You 're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here.
BAL. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
ANT. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
BAL. Good meat, sir, is common: that every churl affords.
ANT. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.
BAL. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
ANT. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd. — Go bid them let us in.

DRO. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

DRO. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

DRO. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

DRO. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

ANT. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

DRO. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

ANT. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

DRO. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

ANT. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

DRO. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

DRO. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

LUCE. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate!

DRO. E. Let my master in, Luce.
LUCE. [*Within*] 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.
DRO. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb;— Shall I set in my staff?
LUCE. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that 's, —
When? can you tell?
DRO. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce, — Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.
ANT. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?
LUCE. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.
DRO. S. [*Within*] And you said no.
DRO. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.
ANT. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
LUCE. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?
DRO. E. Master, knock the door hard.
LUCE. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.
ANT. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
LUCE. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
ADR. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

51 *Shall I set in my staff?*] "To set in one's staff" is a proverbial expression meaning "to make one's self at home."

52 *When? can you tell?*] Another proverbial expression or catchword, used by way of parrying an awkward question. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, i, 43: "Ay, *when? canst tell?*"

DRO. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

ANT. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

ADR. [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

DRO. E. If you went in pain, master, this "knave" would go sore.

ANG. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

BAL. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

DRO. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

ANT. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

DRO. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

ANT. E. Go fetch me something: I 'll break ope the gate.

65 *If you went in pain, etc.*] A poor, quibbling echo of the application of the insulting word "knave" to the speaker's master: "You are a knave, so, if you felt pain, you would be a sore knave."

67 *part with*] From French "partir," "to go away;" "go away with," "obtain."

72 *bought and sold*] taken in, deceived. Cf. *Rich. III*, V, iii, 304: "For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold*.

DRO. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.

DRO. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

DRO. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

DRO. E. Here 's too much "out upon thee!" I pray thee, let me in.

DRO. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

ANT. E. Well, I 'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

DRO. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.

ANT. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

BAL. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this, — your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,

89 *Once this*] Once for all, in fine, to sum up. This usage is not uncommon, though rare. Malone proposed to read *Onn this.*

93 *made against*] "barred against," a common provincial usage.

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

ANT. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife — but, I protest, without desert —
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 't is made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there 's the house: that chain will I bestow —

99–105 *Now . . . succession*] Now in the busy time of the day, when people are most about, adverse comments will be made by the crowd, and censure proceeding from the common people's suppositions, when it is aimed at your hitherto unblemished reputation, may get a firm footing, with all its foulness, and may adhere to your name when you are dead; for slander is never without heirs to keep up the estate.

108 *in despite of mirth*] in the absence of any just cause for mirth.

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife —
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.
ANG. I 'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
ANT. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — THE SAME

Enter LUCIANA, *with* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

LUC. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

3 *love-springs*] young shoots of love. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 656: "This canker that eats up *Love's* tender *spring*."

4 *Shall love, etc.*] Cf. *Sonnet* cxix, 11: "And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built* anew." Theobald substituted *ruinous* for *ruinate*, the obvious error of the Folio.

Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'T is double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'T is holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
ANT. S. Sweet mistress, — what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine, —
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I 'll yield.

22 *compact of credit*] compounded, made up entirely, of credulity. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 149: "Love is a spirit all *compact of* fire."

But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
LUC. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
ANT. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
LUC. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
ANT. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
LUC. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
ANT. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
LUC. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
ANT. S. Thy sister's sister.
LUC. That 's my sister.
ANT. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,

54 *Not mad, but mated*] The quibble on "mated" in the double sense of "bewildered" and "having a mate or partner," is common. Cf. V, i, 282, *infra*, and *T. of Shrew*, III, ii, 248, where "mated" and "mad" similarly figure together.

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

LUC. All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANT. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

LUC. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

ANT. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

DRO. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

ANT. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

DRO. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

ANT. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

64 *heaven's claim*] all that I claim of heaven.

66 *I am thee*] I identify myself with thee. Capell read, "I aim [*i. e.* mean] thee," duplicating "my sweet hope's aim" (l. 63); but the change does not seem necessary.

ANT. S. What claim lays she to thee?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

ANT. S. What is she?

DRO. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say Sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANT. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANT. S. What complexion is she of?

DRO. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

ANT. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

DRO. S. No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

ANT. S. What 's her name?

90 *Sir-reverence*] a vulgar corruption of "save" or "saving your reverence;" a derivative from the Latin, *salvâ reverentiâ, i. e.* "asking your pardon." Cf. *Much Ado*, III, iv, 32: "I think you would have me say, *saving your reverence*, a husband."

DRO. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANT. S. Then she bears some breadth?

DRO. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

ANT. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

ANT. S. Where Scotland?

DRO. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

ANT. S. Where France?

DRO. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

ANT. S. Where England?

DRO. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANT. S. Where Spain?

DRO. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

ANT. S. Where America, the Indies?

123 *heir*] The Second Folio reads *haire*. The quibble refers to the civil war progressing in France at the date of the production of the play, when Henry of Navarre, whom Englishmen regarded as the rightful heir to the French throne, was fighting for the succession.

DRO. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

ANT. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

DRO. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,
and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me
turn i' the wheel.

ANT. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

DRO. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

ANT. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here;

135 *ballast*] ballasted, loaded. For this participial form cf. *Hamlet*, III, iv, 207: "Hoist [*i. e.* "hoisted"] with his own petar."

144 *curtal . . . wheel*] dog with a docked tail that worked the turnspit in the kitchen.

And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO *with the chain*

ANG. Master Antipholus, —
ANT. S. Ay, that 's my name.
ANG. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
ANT. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?
ANG. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.
ANT. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
ANG. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
ANT. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
ANG. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
ANT. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay :
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH—SCENE I

A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, *and an* Officer

SECOND MERCHANT



OU KNOW SINCE PENTE-
cost the sum is due,
And since I have not much im-
portuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I
am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for
my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfac-
tion,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.

ANG. Even just the sum that
I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.

4 *guilders*] See note on I, i, 8, *supra.*

8 *growing*] accruing. Cf. IV, iv, 129 *et seq., infra.*

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus *from the courtezan's*

OFF. That labour may you save: see where he comes.
ANT. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
DRO. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope. [*Exit.*
ANT. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
ANG. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

21 *I buy . . . rope*] Dromio means that the purchase of a rope, wherewith to execute his master's scheme of vengeance, is as grateful to him as the requisition of a large annuity.

ANT. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
ANG. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
ANT. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
ANG. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
ANT. E. And if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
ANG. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
ANT. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
SEC. MER. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.
ANG. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!
ANT. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
ANG. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

56 *send me by some token*] send me furnished with some token by way of warrant.

ANT. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
SEC. MER. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you 'll answer me or no:
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.
ANT. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
ANG. The money that you owe me for the chain.
ANT. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
ANG. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
ANT. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
ANG. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
SEC. MER. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
OFF. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
ANG. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
ANT. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.
ANG. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
OFF. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
ANT. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
ANG. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, *from the bay*

DRO. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
ANT. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
DRO. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
ANT. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
DRO. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
ANT. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,

94–95 *sheep . . . ship*] For confusion in pronunciation of these words, see note on *L. L. L.*, II, i, 218.

99 *a rope's end*] Steevens completed the metre by inserting *sir* after *end*, but Malone deemed *rope's* a dissyllable.

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*
DRO. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II—THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA

ADR. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
LUC. First he denied you had in him no right.
ADR. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
LUC. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
ADR. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
LUC. Then pleaded I for you.

111 *Dowsabel*] A common name for a country wench.

ADR. And what said he?
LUC. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
ADR. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
LUC. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
ADR. Didst speak him fair?
LUC. Have patience, I beseech.
ADR. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
LUC. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
ADR. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

DRO. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
LUC. How hast thou lost thy breath?
DRO. S. By running fast.
ADR. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

27 *Far from her nest, etc.*] A very common proverbial expression. Cf. Lyly's *Campaspe*, II, ii, 12, 13: "You resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not."

DRO. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse; a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the Judgment, carries poor souls to hell.
ADR. Why, man, what is the matter?
DRO. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.
ADR. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.
DRO. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

32 *in Tartar limbo*] in gaol.

33 *A devil, etc.*] a bailiff or sergeant, whose buff jerkin was usually made of stuff called "durance," which was reputed never to wear out.

35 *fury*] Theobald's alteration of the old reading *fairy*, which is so often found in the sense of elf or hobgoblin that it might well be retained.

38 *lands*] Possibly *lands* is here identical with "launds," *i. e.* "glades." The rhyme forbids the acceptance of the alternative reading *lanes*.

39 *A hound that runs counter*] To "run counter" is to run backwards or on a false scent. Here there is a punning reference to the *counter*, *i. e.* prison whither the sergeant carried his victims. To "draw dry-foot" is to follow the scent on dry ground.

40 *hell*] a cant term for "prison."

ADR. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
DRO. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?
ADR. What, the chain?
DRO. S. No, no, the bell: 't is time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.
ADR. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
DRO. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.
ADR. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!
DRO. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he 's worth to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA *with a purse*

ARD. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit, —
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

49 *band*] bond. This form of the word is common, and the quibbling use of it, though feeble, is intelligible.
58 *season*] opportunity.
65 *conceit*] anxious thought.

SCENE III — A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

ANT. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

DRO. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

ANT. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

DRO. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but

11 *Lapland sorcerers*] The inhabitants of Lapland were commonly reputed to be sorcerers and witches. "Lapland witches," a common expression in Elizabethan writers, figures in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, II, 665.

13 *have you . . . old Adam*] Theobald reads, *have you got rid of*, etc.

that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

ANT. S. I understand thee not.

DRO. S. No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

ANT. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

DRO. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

ANT. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

DRO. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy

Dromio's inquiry is clearly equivalent to "What has become of the sergeant?" Dromio is asking in quibbling fashion where the stout corporeal presence of old leather-clad Adam, as he playfully calls the sergeant, has got to.

22 *gives . . . sob*] causes them a convulsive sigh. This is the reading of the Folios, which Rowe changed to *fob*, assigning to that word the unsupported meaning of "tap," or "light blow."

24 *durance*] See note on IV, ii, 33. There is a quibble on the sense of *durance, i. e.* prison. The word also means cloth that does not wear out.

Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

ANT. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan

COUR. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus,
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

ANT. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

DRO. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

ANT. S. It is the devil.

DRO. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me;" that 's as much to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

COUR. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We 'll mend our dinner here?

DRO. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

ANT. S. Why, Dromio?

DRO. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

54 *We 'll mend, etc.*] We 'll improve, make some addition to.

56 *a long spoon*] This proverb is alluded to again in the *Tempest*, II, ii, 103.

ANT. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.
COUR. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I 'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
DRO. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.
COUR. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
ANT. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
DRO. S. "Fly pride," says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*
COUR. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV — A STREET

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and the* Officer

ANT. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus *with a rope's-end*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

DRO. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

ANT. E. But where 's the money?

DRO. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

ANT. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

DRO. E. I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

ANT. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

DRO. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

ANT. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.
[*Beating him.*

OFF. Good sir, be patient.

DRO. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

OFF. Good now, hold thy tongue.

DRO. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

ANT. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

DRO. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

ANT. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

DRO. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

ANT. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and* PINCH

DRO. E. Mistress, "respice finem," respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, "beware the rope's-end."

40 *the prophecy*] This is the Folio reading. Dyce reads *to prophesy*, which somewhat improves the construction, and may be right.

ANT. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*
COUR. How say you now? is not your husband mad?
ADR. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.
LUC. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!
COUR. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!
PINCH. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.
ANT. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*
PINCH. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!
ANT. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.
ADR. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!
ANT. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?
ADR. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

46 *please you*] gratify you by paying.
48 *trembles in his ecstasy*] Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 895: "Thus stands she in a *trembling ecstasy*."

ANT. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

DRO. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

ANT. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

DRO. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

ANT. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

DRO. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

ANT. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

DRO. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

ANT. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

DRO. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

ADR. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?

PINCH. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

ANT. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

ADR. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

DRO. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

ANT. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

ADR. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
LUC. And I am witness with her that she did.
DRO. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
PINCH. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
ANT. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
ADR. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
DRO. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
ADR. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
ANT. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives

ADR. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
PINCH. More company! The fiend is strong within him.
LUC. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
ANT. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
OFF. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
PINCH. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*
ADR. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
OFF. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.
ADR. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!
ANT. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
DRO. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
ANT. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
DRO. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master: cry, The devil!
LUC. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
ADR. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*
Say now; whose suit is he arrested at?
OFF. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
ADR. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

OFF. Two hundred ducats.
ADR. Say, how grows it due?
OFF. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
ADR. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
COUR. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring, —
The ring I saw upon his finger now, —
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
ADR. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO of Syracuse

LUC. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
ADR. And come with naked swords.
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
OFF. Away! they 'll kill us.
[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*
ANT. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
DRO. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
ANT. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
DRO. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but

for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

ANT. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

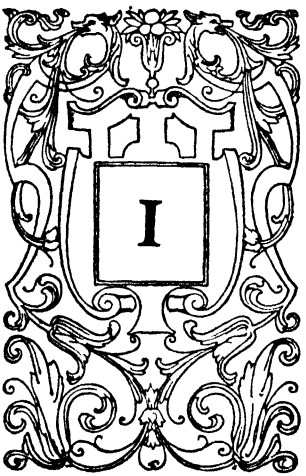
155 *stuff*] baggage. Shakespeare uses the word in this sense only here, in V, i, 408, *infra*, and in *Pericles*, IV, ii, 19. It appears in W. W.'s translation of Plautus' *Menæchmi*: "Ile go strait to the inne, and deliver up my accounts, and all your *stuffe*."

ACT FIFTH—SCENE I

A STREET BEFORE A PRIORY

Enter Second Merchant *and* ANGELO

ANGELO



AM SORRY, SIR, THAT I have hinder'd you; But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

SEC. MER. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

ANG. Of very reverent reputation, sir, Of credit infinite, highly beloved, Second to none that lives here in the city: His word might bear my wealth at any time.

SEC. MER. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse

ANG. 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck, Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him;
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

ANT. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

SEC. MER. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

ANT. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

SEC. MER. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 't is pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

ANT. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

SEC. MER. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and others*

ADR. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

34 *within him*] at close quarters with him.

DRO. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoiled!
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess

ABB. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
ADR. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
ANG. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
SEC. MER. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
ABB. How long hath this possession held the man?
ADR. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er break into extremity of rage.
ABB. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

36 *take a house*] enter, as in the phrase "a dog takes the water."
46 *much*] The Second Folio improves the metre by reading *much much*. The reading is worth adoption.
51 *Stray'd his affection*] Caused to stray, led astray; the transitive use of the word is extremely rare, if not unique.

ADR. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
ABB. You should for that have reprehended him.
ADR. Why, so I did.
ABB. Ay, but not rough enough.
ADR. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
ABB. Haply, in private.
ADR. And in assemblies too.
ABB. Ay, but not enough.
ADR. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
ABB. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:

62 *copy*] repeated theme.

69 *venom*] The noun is constantly used adjectivally for "venomous." Cf. *Rich. III*, I, iii, 291: "His *venom* tooth."

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

LUC. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

ADR. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

ABB. No, not a creature enters in my house.

ADR. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

ABB. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

ADR. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

79 *moody, etc.*] The line is defective. Suggested interpolations are "sadness" or "madness" after "moody," of which the latter is the more reasonable. Others insert "moping" after "moody," or substitute "dull-visaged" for "dull."

ABB. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
ADR. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
ABB. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*
LUC. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
ADR. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
SEC. MER. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
ANG. Upon what cause?
SEC. MER. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay

105 *formal*] in a normal state of mind, sane. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, V. i, 236: "Poor *informal* women," *i. e.* women out of their senses.

121 *death*] The Third Folio's correction of the First and Second Folios' reading *depth*.

Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

ANG. See where they come: we will behold his death.

LUC. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, *attended*; ÆGEON *bareheaded*; *with the* Headsman *and other* Officers

DUKE. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

ADR. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!

DUKE. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

ADR. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husband, —
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, — this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street, —
With him his bondman, all as mad as he, —
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.

146 *take order for*] take measures for settling, or dealing with. Cf. *Rich. III*, IV, ii, 53: "I will *take order for* her keeping close."

Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

DUKE. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant

SERV. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard thay have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:

148 *strong escape*] escape effected by strength.

My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADR. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

SERV. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

DUKE. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!

ADR. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus

ANT. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

175 *nicks*] clips or crops close. It seems to have been the customary way in which fools' hair was cut.

192 *bestrid*] stood over thee when fallen, protected thee. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, V, i, 122: "If thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride* me, so: 't is a point of friendship."

ÆGE. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.
ANT. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
DUKE. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
ANT. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
DUKE. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?
ADR. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal!
LUC. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!
ANG. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
ANT. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;

205 *harlots*] a common term of reproach often applied to rascally men as well as to wanton women.

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home

246 *They fell upon me*] The ordinary contemporary method of dealing with lunatics. Cf. the treatment of Malvolio in *Tw. Night*, III, iv.

There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

ANG. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

DUKE. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

ANG. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

SEC. MER. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

ANT. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burthen me withal.

DUKE. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

DRO. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

COUR. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

ANT. E. 'T is true, my liege; this ring I had of her.
DUKE. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
COUR. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.
DUKE. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.
[*Exit one to the Abbess.*
ÆGE. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
DUKE. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
ÆGE. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
DRO. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.
ÆGE. I am sure you both of you remember me.
DRO. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
ÆGE. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
ANT. E. I never saw you in my life till now.
ÆGE. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

281 *mated*] See note on III, ii, 54, *supra.*
298 *careful hours*] hours full of care, anxiety, sorrow.
299 *defeatures*] See note on II, i, 98, *supra.*

ANT. E. Neither.

ÆGE. Dromio, nor thou?

DRO. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

ÆGE. I am sure thou dost.

DRO. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

ÆGE. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses — I cannot err —
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

ANT. E. I never saw my father in my life.

ÆGE. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

ANT. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

DUKE. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,

309 *my feeble key, etc.*] my weak and discordant tone of voice which is caused by my griefs.

310 *grained*] furrowed like the grain of wood.

During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, *with* Antipholus of Syracuse *and* Dromio of Syracuse

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;

331 *Genius*] guardian angel or spirit.

But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.
DUKE. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance, —
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea, —
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
ANT. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
DUKE. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
ANT. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord, —
DRO. E. And I with him.
ANT. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
ADR. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
ANT. S. I, gentle mistress.
ADR. And are not you my husband?
ANT. E. No; I say nay to that.
ANT. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

355–360 *Why, here begins, etc.*] This speech of the Duke in the Folio editions is wrongly placed before Ægeon's speech (line 345). Capell made the necessary transposition.

Did call me brother. [*To Luciana*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

ANG. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

ANT. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

ANT. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

ANG. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

ADR. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

DRO. E. No, none by me.

ANT. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.

ANT. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

DUKE. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

COUR. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

ANT. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

ABB. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.

The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

DUKE. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*

DRO. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

ANT. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

DRO. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

ANT. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*

DRO. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

DRO. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:

404, 406 *gossips' feast*] feast given to the sponsors at a christening.

405 *such nativity*] Thus the old reading. Hanmer substituted *felicity* and later editors *festivity*, in the belief that "nativity" was a printer's repetition, through an error of vision, of "nativity," the last word of line 403. But "nativity" harmonises somewhat better with the twice repeated reference to "gossips," *i. e.* sponsors at a christening.

407–408 *stuff*] See note on IV, iv, 155, *supra*.

409 *lay at host*] were lodged or stored.

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

DRO. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

DRO. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?

DRO. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

DRO. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY RICHARD GARNETT
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY J. H. F. BACON

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA BY RICHARD GARNETT ix

TEXT OF THE PLAY 1

Lost" and "The Comedy of Errors." One charm the play possesses which in the nature of things could not belong to a fruit of the writer's maturity: it breathes the inspiration of eager, thoughtless, irresponsible youth. Except the nearly contemporaneous "Romeo and Juliet," none of Shakespeare's pieces is so entirely youthful in sentiment. And when we consider that this aroma of adolescence must at the time have clung around Shakespeare himself, we may expect the drama to throw a reflex light upon the dramatist at the most truly critical, though not the most brilliant or eventful, period of his life.

These points will demand discussion, but before arriving at them it will be necessary to establish a foundation by determining the date of the play and the source of the plot; neither investigations, fortunately, presenting any serious difficulty.

Not only is "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" unanimously regarded as one of Shakespeare's earliest works, but there are two reasons, slight but not entirely devoid of weight, for considering it as the earliest of any. It is placed first of the comedies in Francis Meres' list (1598); and though Meres could not be expected to name the plays in strict chronological succession, which he may not have known, his order is so nearly that which, quite independently of him, has been established by considerations of external and internal evidence as to render it pretty certain that he did not set them down at random. Again, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is the first play in the Folio in succession to "The Tempest." This latter drama, though in fact the last, or almost the last,

of Shakespeare's compositions, was selected by the editors of the First Folio for the post of honour, probably from the feeling that the earliest plays were too slight to form the portal of so great an edifice. It would be only natural that, due concession thus made to the artistic sentiment, the claims of chronology should next find recognition; and, in fact, the succession of the comedies in the Folio does appear to be roughly chronological. It is, on the other hand, true, as has already been remarked, that "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" exhibits an advance in dramatic construction upon "The Comedy of Errors" and "Love's Labour's Lost," the other very early plays; but it must be remembered that one of these is a farce adapted from ancient models, and the other a satire, where the evolution of plot is designedly made secondary to the dazzle of dialogue. The question of absolute priority, however, is not material to the play's especial significance and especial claim to indulgence as a youthful work, for there can be little question that it appeared at some time within the period 1589–1592.

The source of the plot is equally certain. It is without doubt expanded from an episode in the second book of Jorge de Montemayor's famous Spanish romance, "La Diana Enamorada," where Felismena is represented as disguising herself in man's apparel, entering the service of her false lover as a page, and employed by him to recommend his suit to the new object of his devotion, precisely Julia's relations to Proteus and Silvia. Shakespeare, indeed, has ingeniously and with enhanced dra-

matic effect complicated the plot, and provided for a fortunate solution by giving the false knight a friend to whom he is as treacherous as to his mistress, but the essence of the situation is in Montemayor. Some editors have doubted the connection between the novel and the play, on the ground that ladies disguised in men's attire are not infrequent figures in dramas and romances. But they have merely taken a general view of the plot, and overlooked the minutiæ which demonstrate the connection. If we compare the scene between Julia and her maid in the play with Felismena's account of the same incident in the novel, we cannot doubt that the later author had read his predecessor.

Julia. What ho! Lucetta!
Lucetta. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is 't that you
Took up so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why did'st thou stoop then?
Luc. To take up a paper that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours has writ to you in rhyme.
Let 's see your song. (Act I, sc. 2.)

Felismena, recounting her history, says, in Bartholomew Young's translation: —

"When with a slower pace than I desired the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to help make me ready, in doing whereof she let the letter closely fall, which when I perceived, What is that fell down? said I, let me see it. It is nothing, Mistress, said she. Come, come, let me see it, said I, what! move me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, Mistress, said she, why would you see it? it is the letter I would have given you yesterday. Nay, that it is not, said I, wherefore show it me, that I may see whether you lie or no. I had no sooner said so than she put it into my hands, saying, God never give me good if it be any other thing; and although I knew it well indeed, yet I said, What! this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy lover's letters. I will read it to see in what need he standeth of thy favour."

The incident of the disguised Julia's host innocently inviting her to hear her false lover serenade her rival (Act IV, sc. 2) is also taken from the romance: —

"Midnight being a little past, mine host called at my chamber door, and told me that if I was desirous to hear some brave music, I should arise quickly and open a window towards the street: the which I did by and by, and, making no noise at all, I heard how Don Felix his page, called Fabius, whom I knew by his voice, said to others that came with him, Now it is time, my masters, because the lady is in her gallery over her garden taking the freshness of the cool night. He had no sooner said so, but they began to wind three cornets and a sackbut, with such skill and sweetness that it seemed celestial music."

Shakespeare's obligations to the "Diana Enamorada" may thus be regarded as established, but a question

remains as to the channel through which he became acquainted with the romance. If he knew it at first hand he must have understood Spanish, a knowledge which he could hardly have possessed without affording some unequivocal manifestation of it in his works. The English translation by Bartholomew Young was not published until 1598; two other translations by Edward Paston and Thomas Wilson, made between 1590 and 1600, were never published. Young, indeed, says that he had kept his translation by him for sixteen years, and it has been conjectured that Shakespeare may have had access to it, a possibility certainly, but no more. A more probable source would be the manuscript of a play entitled "Felix and Philomena," performed before Queen Elizabeth in 1584, the plot of which must, to all appearance, have been derived from Montemayor. If Shakespeare ever saw or read this piece, he can have borrowed nothing from it but the plot, for none of the plays attributed to him is more unequivocally from a single hand or bears more conclusive evidence of his authorship than this. There would be nothing extraordinary in Shakespeare's having seen this play, or in his not having seen it: the supposition that he had, and the hypothesis of his access to Young's manuscript, are alike mere speculations, though not devoid of plausibility. It has, so far as we know, been reserved to us to indicate a more certain channel.

A translation of the first part of Montemayor's romance, the only part of which he was himself the author, and which contains the incident of the disguised Julia

¡Montemayor's Felismena) officiating as her own lover's page, was printed at Tours in 1592, for Claude de Montr'oeil and Jean Richer. A copy is in the British Museum. The translator was Nicolas Colin, the namesake, if not a member, of an eminent literary family of the period, but of whom personally we have been able to ascertain no more than that he subsequently translated the "Christian's Memorial," by Luis de Granada. The title-page of the "Diana" declares that this was not the first edition, adding, "*Revise et corrigée outre les précédentes impressions*," and the publishers' preface further sets forth that they have added to Colin's work translations of the two continuations by Alonzo Perez and Gil Polo, translated by George Chappuys, "Vous donnant ainsi, outre ce qu'il y avoit *aux premières impressions*, cette belle adition." Shakespeare, then, had some time, perhaps some years, before the probable date of his play, the opportunity of access to Montemayor's romance in a language which he well understood. He would naturally wish to read so celebrated a work, and a trifling circumstance almost demonstrates that he did. The name of Julia's (Felismena's) maid, which both in the original Spanish and the English translation is *Rosina*, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" becomes *Lucetta*. Why? Because the French translator had made it *Rosette*.

The origin of that portion of the plot for which Shakespeare is not indebted to Montemayor presents an inquiry of more difficulty, if inquiry be really needed. There seems nothing in it which might not, without extraneous suggestion, have arisen naturally out of the necessity

under which Shakespeare lay of converting Montemayor's tragedy into a comedy. The relations towards Felismena of Celia, the Spanish counterpart of Silvia, are of another nature than Silvia's to Julia. Silvia, already bound to Valentine, cannot of course fall in love with the supposed youth; but the heart-free Celia, like the Countess in "Twelfth Night," conceives a passion for him; and having, unlike the Countess, no Sebastian to fill his place, carries her unhappy attachment to the length of self-destruction. Don Felix's passion for her being thus quenched in blood, Felismena regains him by delivering him with her bow and shafts from an attack of robbers. These romantic incidents suit the general complexion of Montemayor's fiction, but would be entirely out of place in a comedy, where the dénouement must give general content; where, consequently, even the faithless Proteus must be made happy, and much more the lady who has disdained his suit. Shakespeare was therefore compelled to provide Silvia with a successful lover, and the further contrivance of making this lover the friend of Proteus and a sufferer by his treachery — skilful and thoroughly adequate as it is — grew so naturally out of the situation that it may be doubted whether any external suggestion was required.

The alleged resemblances between "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and other pieces are not, moreover, convincing. The falsehood of a friend, indeed, is the subject of "The Tragedy of Julius and Hyppolita," one of the plays acted in Germany towards the end of the sixteenth century by the English itinerant players who

at that time frequented that country, and printed in Mr. Albert Cohn's valuable work, "Shakespeare in Germany." Even if Shakespeare himself was not at one time a member of one of these companies, he may well have heard of this play from the actors on their return to England; but the rudeness of the piece is such as to preclude the idea of his having given any serious attention to it. The case is different with another conjectured source, Barnaby Rich's story of "Apollonius and Silla" (1581), of which, had he known it in time, Shakespeare might perhaps have made such use as to transform his drama entirely. The plot is nearly that of "Twelfth Night," and Shakespeare would have been likely to have preferred it to the comparatively artless story of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." If, indeed, this latter drama immediately succeeded "The Comedy of Errors," he may have thought it wise to refrain from so soon producing another play founded on a bewildering resemblance of personal appearance. In any case, he either did not know Rich's story or abstained from turning it to the account he might have done. Granting that he had read it, it is not any more than "Julius and Hyppolita" a perceptible factor in the dramatic economy of the play, which is conditioned solely by the necessity of giving the episode of the "Diana Enamorada" a happy turn, and complicating the plot sufficiently for theatrical purposes. The problem is most successfully solved; nevertheless in action as in diction, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is one of Shakespeare's simplest and least ambitious productions. It has the charm of the opening bud,

the herald of the rose, but not yet the rose itself. "For a judgment on the play at large," says that excellent critic the late Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, "we may appeal to Shakespeare himself, whose appreciation is discernible in this remarkable fact, that its scenes, incidents, images, and situations are met with in others of his later plays — always extended, developed, and refined; and we may infer that the poet considered that in this work he had recorded ideas of great poetical worth, but still with a certain crudeness that made him feel no scruple in making other appliance of them." Mr. Lloyd instances the dialogue between Julia and Lucetta where the latter enumerates her mistress's admirers as the germ of the similar scene between Portia and Nerissa in "The Merchant of Venice," and compares Julia's masculine disguise with Rosalind's. In both cases the advance in art and depth of feeling is obvious; but the most evident testimony to the development of Shakespeare's mind is afforded by the comparison of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" with "Twelfth Night," where Julia has flowered into Viola. No two of his plays are more nearly related in apparent contrast; and the relation is not wholly that of the undeveloped to the mature, but also that between two contending schools of dramatic authorship.

In almost all Shakespeare's works character takes the lead of action: not that the action is not commonly most absorbing, and in its conception and conduct an example of supreme art, but that it seems to exist for the sake of the characters, while the characters do not exist for it. The primary purpose of "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," for

example, is to depict the aspects of human nature revealed in those personages, and the tremendous accompaniments, natural and supernatural, are but adjuncts to this design. In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," on the other hand, Shakespeare does not greatly concern himself with character painting. He writes such a play as a good Italian dramatist of the age might have written, diversified indeed with strokes of poetry and humour beyond the reach of any contemporary, but which in the main appeals to the reader or spectator not by its character but by its incidents. The special gift in virtue of which he so infinitely transcends all other dramatists is in abeyance: we admire not so much the insight into human nature as the easy grace by which the personages are so nicely discriminated that they can never be confused. Critics have pointed out the delicate antithesis between characters in other respects but faintly individualised by which this object is mainly accomplished. "Proteus, the fickle," says Professor Dowden, "is set against Valentine the faithful: Silvia, the bright and intellectual, against Julia, the ardent and tender; Launce, the humourist, against Speed, the wit." The personages all belong to the accepted types of the classical drama, but all are living men and women, none mere masks as in Plautus and Terence, the models of the contemporary Italian stage.

The obvious reason of the inferiority of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" in the pourtrayal of character is the youth of the author. Assuming 1590 as the year of its production, Shakespeare would be twenty-six, in gen-

eral the commencement of a period of great development of genius on its intellectual side; witness Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. A few years later he would have handled the subject differently; in truth, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" would have become "Twelfth Night." In everything that he did undertake, nevertheless, his mastery is conspicuous. The play which does not attempt character must appeal to action, and here the young author approves himself already a master. The interest created by the first scene goes on growing to the end. Julia gains upon us continually, and the sympathy thus aroused serves to smooth over the great difficulty inherent in the action, the disposal of Proteus. It is shocking to poetical justice that a double traitor to friend and mistress should make his final exit hand in hand with so charming a creature; but if the arrangement is essential to the charming creature's happiness, what can be said? We must fortify ourselves by the reflection that "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is in every respect the comedy of youth. Except the two "heavy fathers" and the sage Panthino, there is not an elderly person among the *dramatis personæ*. The young people have it all their own way, and elope, assume equivocal disguises, carry off other people's daughters, and become captains of robbers on short notice with all the ease and carelessness befitting the April of life. Hence, to the apprehension of the more mature, the incidents and sentiments sometimes assume a tinge of unreality, which they would not have suggested to the youthful author and his youthful *dramatis personæ*. It is significant

that in 1821 the play was actually converted into an opera; and, although the suggestion may appear profane, it is the fact that Mr. Gilbert might have tried the same experiment upon "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" with more justification and more success than Dryden in the case of "The Tempest." And this is not on account of any absurdity in the play, but because it is so felicitous an impersonation of the levity of buoyant, unreflecting youth.

The dramatic economy of the piece is as praiseworthy as its power of exciting sympathy. The progress of the action is delightfully easy and natural. One scene brings the next inevitably on; or if any appear at first parenthetical, they are indispensable as reliefs to the more serious action, and assume their proper relation with it upon a survey of the drama as a whole. If there is any fault, it is that perhaps Julia's romantic resolution to seek her lover in male attire is insufficiently motived. It would have been easy to justify it by the introduction of some element of jealousy. Rumours might have been supposed to have reached Julia's ears, or she might have been swayed by the insinuations of a gossiping friend, or her extravagant estimate of Proteus' perfection might have suggested to her that her monopoly of such a paragon might be rudely challenged. This might have been expressed in a soliloquy, to avoid the necessity of taking Lucetta entirely into her confidence. We scarcely doubt that at a later period Shakespeare would have devised something of this nature. In the

play as we have it he seems to avoid highly pitched emotion and complication of whatever kind. His pen must have travelled fleetly and lightly over his paper. If this prevents him from manifesting his full power, there is some compensation in the unusual transparency of his language, which would hardly be consistent with a weighty burden of thought or passion.

One most palpable fault is not a defect of construction, but a vice inherent in the action, an instance, unique in Shakespeare, of untruth to Nature—Valentine's momentary resignation of his mistress to Proteus in the fifth act. The incident is absolutely inconceivable; its only apology is that Julia's swoon is essential to the dénouement, and that Shakespeare apparently could not find, nor have any of his critics since found for him, a more effectual way of bringing it to pass. "Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause." That he was dissatisfied with it may be inferred from the extreme lightness with which it is touched upon; it is no sooner come than it is gone. Here, at all events, we may admire his art. Ere the spectator has had time to take in Valentine's ingratitude to Silvia, or his cool donation of her to another without her consent, he is absorbed in compassion for Julia, around whose helpless form all the *dramatis personæ* are immediately grouped. Silvia herself has no time or opportunity to visit Valentine with the weight of her indignation; and when Julia opens her lips a new situation is unfolded, and the occurrences of the last five minutes belong to ancient history. There can there-

fore be no foundation for the notion that the scene has been mutilated by the actors, and Shakespeare's avoidance of the expository discourses from leading characters which some have missed stands to the credit of his consummate judgment. It may be added that the incident, impossible and offensive as it is, is quite in harmony with the recklessness and inconsequence of youth which has been noted as a leading element in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and that Shakespeare and his contemporaries were much more concerned about the effect of their plays upon spectators than with the judgment of readers in the closet, whose very existence they hardly contemplated. Could Shakespeare have foreseen the scrutiny which his works were to receive from the highest intellects, he might sometimes have written better, but he might perhaps not have written at all.

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is remarkably exempt from one class of faults incident to the early works of men of genius. It is exceedingly unpretentious. It reveals none of the vague and magnificent aspirations so frequent and natural with gifted youth. The Hamlet in Shakespeare's soul remains unfolded. He announces no startling doctrines, attacks no established institutions, affords no hint of any introspective tendency. Like Goethe, who carried a Werther in him as Shakespeare a Hamlet, he begins his career with a light and lively piece, whose serious episodes are only conjured up to be conjured away. The play, besides, has more practical wisdom than might have been looked for in the work of a young inexperienced writer. It is certainly an overstate-

ment when Johnson says, "It abounds in γνώμαι beyond most of his plays," but it would have been no overstatement to have said that many of its sentences have become aphorisms. The chief intellectual token of juvenility is an occasional tendency to hyperbole and fine writing, as when Valentine says: —

> "Bear my lady's train, lest the bare earth
> Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
> And of so great a favour growing proud,
> Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
> And make rude winter everlastingly."

This matches well with Romeo's

> "Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
> Having some business, do entreat her eyes
> To twinkle in their spheres till they return."

But such extravagance is exceptional. As a rule, Shakespeare confines himself closely to the development of his action, and does not seek to adorn it with the flowers of poetry. When, however, a poetical thought springs up under his pen, he does it full justice, and even seems to linger lovingly upon it, as in the exquisite verses: —

> "The current that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou knowest, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
> But when his fair course is not hindered,
> He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
> And so by many winding nooks he strays
> With willing sport to the wild ocean."

The last line must have vibrated in Shakespeare's memory when he wrote in "Henry V":—

"Swilled with the wide and wasteful ocean."

We have spoken of this comedy as essentially the comedy of youth, but it must not be forgotten that it is also a production of the youth of Shakespeare. It shows us in a considerable degree what manner of man he was while passing from adolescence to manhood. It tells us that whatever varieties of company he may have kept, and these were no doubt numerous, he was entirely on a level with the best society, for which it seems to indicate a marked preference. Except the serving folk, all the personages, down to the outlawed robbers, are ladies and gentlemen. Shakespeare evidently feels himself perfectly at ease in this society, which he could not have depicted without intimacy of knowledge. Where could he have obtained this? Certainly not at Stratford; nor entirely, we should think, in London, considering the impediments interposed by his profession. We feel well-nigh convinced that he had looked upon a wider world than England could afford; that the Continent was not unknown to him; that when he makes Valentine say,

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits,"

he is repeating a lesson of experience. Whither he is most likely to have wandered is a problem for his biographers; but we feel assured that if he indeed devoted any part of his youth to the lawyer's office, or the schoolmaster's

desk, such part was little to that spent in contact with the life of courts and camps.

The only contemporary notice of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is its appearance upon Meres' list of Shakespeare's plays, which proves that it was written before 1598. It was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623; the text is very correct. There is no record of any performance of the play in Shakespeare's time. It was revived in 1762 with alterations, and again in 1784, 1790, and 1808. In 1821 it was converted into an opera by the popular dramatist Frederick Reynolds, under the management of Charles Kemble, and notwithstanding some ludicrous miscarriages with the stage machinery, was performed with considerable success. It was one of Phelps' Shakespearian revivals at Sadler's Wells, but has not been seen since. Generally speaking, its popularity as an acting play seems to have been much below its desert, which may perhaps be accounted for by the difficulty of bringing together four youthful performers qualified to represent the four principal characters.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, PROTEUS, } the two Gentlemen.
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
HOST, where Julia lodges.
OUTLAWS, with Valentine.
SPEED, a clownish Servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.

JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians

SCENE, *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua*

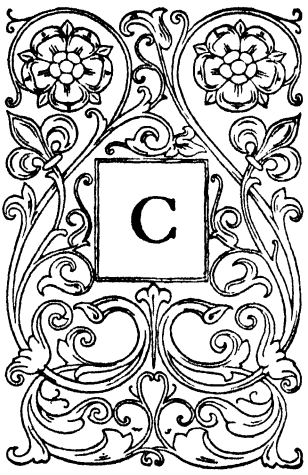
[1] The First Folio of 1623, where this play was printed for the first time, gave at the end of the piece "The names of all the actors." Later editors have adopted that list with very slight alteration. The old text is divided into both Acts and Scenes. No indication is given of the "Scene" of the action.

ACT FIRST — SCENE I — VERONA

AN OPEN PLACE

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS

VALENTINE



EASE TO PERSUADE, MY loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PRO. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!

8 *shapeless*] purposeless.

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

VAL. And on a love-book pray for my success?

PRO. Upon some book I love I 'll pray for thee.

VAL. That 's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

PRO. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

VAL. 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

PRO. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

VAL. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

PRO. What?

22 *Leander . . . Hellespont*] Reference is again made to the story of Leander, in III, i, 119–120, *infra*. The legend was often treated in Renaissance literature; but Shakespeare probably knew it best in Marlowe's verse translation of a portion of the Greek poem on the subject by Musæus. Marlowe's unfinished work was entered on the Stationers' Register 18 September, 1593, but had probably already circulated in manuscript; it was not published till 1598. Marlowe's translation of Musæus's "Hero and Leander" was completed by Chapman, and the whole was published in 1600.

27 *give me not the boots*] A proverbial phrase: "do not make a laughing stock of me." Cf. Cotgrave *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*, 1611: "Bailler foin en corne: to give one the boots." The text jestingly suggests that the phrase embodied an allusion to the infliction of torture by the instrument commonly called "the boots."

VAL. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
PRO. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
VAL. So, by your circumstance, I fear you 'll prove.
PRO. 'T is love you cavil at: I am not Love.
VAL. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
PRO. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
VAL. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

42–44] Cf. *Sonnet* lxx: "For *canker* vice the *sweetest* buds doth love."

PRO. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
VAL. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
PRO. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
VAL. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*
PRO. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED

SPEED. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?
PRO. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.
SPEED. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.
PRO. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

71 *Milan*] Both Verona and Milan were inland towns, and Verona alone is on a navigable river, Adige. Shakespeare's knowledge of the geography of Northern Italy seems to be at fault in representing the journey between the two places as being made by ship. Milan lies some ninety miles due east of Verona in the most northerly latitude of Italy.

73 *sheep*] "Sheep" was pronounced "ship" in Elizabethan English. See *L. L. L.*, II, i, 218.

SPEED. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

PRO. I do.

SPEED. Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

PRO. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED. This proves me still a sheep.

PRO. True; and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

PRO. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.

SPEED. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

PRO. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

SPEED. Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

PRO. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

SPEED. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

PRO. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

SPEED. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

94 *lost mutton . . . laced mutton*] Speed admits himself to be a sheep whose master is lost. "Laced mutton" is a common name for a courtesan wearing a tightly-laced bodice.

PRO. Nay: in that you are astray, 't were best pound you.

SPEED. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

PRO. You mistake; I mean the pound, — a pinfold.

SPEED. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

PRO. But what said she?

SPEED. [*First nodding*] Ay.

PRO. Nod — Ay — why, that 's noddy.

SPEED. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, "Ay." 110

PRO. And that set together is noddy.

SPEED. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

PRO. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

SPEED. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

PRO. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

SPEED. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word "noddy" for my pains.

PRO. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse. 120

PRO. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

SPEED. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

PRO. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

SPEED. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

PRO. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

SPEED. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

PRO. What said she? nothing?

SPEED. No, not so much as "Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

PRO. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore. [*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

SCENE II — THE SAME

GARDEN OF JULIA'S HOUSE

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA

JUL. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

140 *a drier death*] A variant of the proverbial expression "He who is born to be hanged will not be drowned." Cf. *Tempest,* I, i, 77–78.

142 *deign*] *sc.* to receive.

Sc. II] This scene reads like a crude and feeble draft of the effective duologue between Portia and Nerissa: *Merch. of Ven.,* I, ii.

LUC. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
JUL. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
LUC. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
JUL. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
LUC. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
JUL. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
LUC. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
JUL. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
LUC. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
JUL. How now! what means this passion at his name?
LUC. Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
JUL. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
LUC. Then thus, — of many good I think him best.
JUL. Your reason?
LUC. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
JUL. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
LUC. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
JUL. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.

9 *Sir Eglamour*] Often used for a characterless inamorato. There is no reference here to Sir Eglamour the friend and agent of Silvia. See Act IV, Sc. iii, *seq.*

27 *moved me*] solicited, approached me. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, III, iv, 2, "we have had no time to *move* our daughter."

LUC. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
JUL. His little speaking shows his love but small.
LUC. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all.
JUL. They do not love that do not show their love.
LUC. O, they love least that let men know their love.
JUL. I would I knew his mind.
LUC. Peruse this paper, madam.
JUL. "To Julia." — Say, from whom?
LUC. That the contents will show.
JUL. Say, say, who gave it thee?
LUC. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
JUL. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
LUC. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
JUL. Will ye be gone?
LUC. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
JUL. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say "no" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe "ay."
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA

LUC. What would your ladyship?
JUL. Is 't near dinner-time?
LUC. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
JUL. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?
LUC. Nothing.
JUL. Why didst thou stoop, then?
LUC. To take a paper up that I let fall.
JUL. And is that paper nothing?
LUC. Nothing concerning me.
JUL. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
LUC. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
JUL. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
LUC. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.

Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
JUL. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."
LUC. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
JUL. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?
LUC. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
JUL. And why not you?
LUC. I cannot reach so high.
JUL. Let 's see your song. How now, minion!
LUC. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
JUL. You do not?
LUC. No, madam; it is too sharp.
JUL. You, minion, are too saucy.
LUC. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
JUL. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
LUC. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
JUL. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:

81–82 *set . . . by such toys*] A quibble on *set, i. e.*, "set to music," "compose," and *set by* (*a thing*), *i. e.*, "make account of (a thing).

83 "*Light o' love*"] A popular air again mentioned in *Much Ado*, III, iv, 38.

97 *bid the base*] The quibble, which has hitherto played with musical terms, here alludes to the boys' game of "prisoner's base" in which the players *bid or challenge one another to exchange bases* by running without being caught. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 303: "To *bid* the wind *a base*."

You would be fingering them, to anger me.
LUC. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
JUL. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ "kind Julia." Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ "love-wounded Proteus."
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia": — that I'll tear away. —
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA

LUC. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
JUL. Well, let us go.
LUC. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
JUL. If you respect them, best to take them up.
LUC. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
JUL. I see you have a month's mind to them.
LUC. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
JUL. Come, come; will 't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — THE SAME

ANTONIO'S HOUSE

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO

ANT. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
PAN. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.
ANT. Why, what of him?
PAN. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.

For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

ANT. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

PAN. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

ANT. I know it well.

PAN. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

27 *emperor*] The German Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire frequently held their court in Milan, where they were crowned with the iron crown of Lombardy. The Duke of Milan was a vassal of the Emperor.

32 *be in eye of*] be in sight of, observe.

ANT. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
PAN. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
ANT. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS

PRO. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
ANT. How now! what letter are you reading there?
PRO. May't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
ANT. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
PRO. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,

And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
ANT. And how stand you affected to his wish?
PRO. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
ANT. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
PRO. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
ANT. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*
PRO. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

63 *will . . . wish*] In this contrasted use of "will," "wish," which reappears IV, ii, 88–89 *infra*, *will* signifies obstinate resolution, and *wish* inclination. *Wish* is in effect the diminutive of *will*.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO

PAN. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
PRO. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers "no." [*Exeunt.*

84–87] *Sonnet* xxxiii works up this image with gorgeous effect.

ACT SECOND — SCENE I — MILAN

THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED

SPEED

SIR, YOUR GLOVE.

VAL. Not mine; my gloves are on.

SPEED. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.

VAL. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

SPEED. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

VAL. How now, sirrah?

SPEED. She is not within hearing, sir.

VAL. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

SPEED. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

VAL. Well, you 'll still be too forward.

2 *but one*] The quibble is on the common Elizabethan pronunciation of "one" as "on." Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, ii, 80.

SPEED. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VAL. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

SPEED. She that your worship loves?

VAL. Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPEED. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VAL. Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED. They are all perceived without ye.

VAL. Without me? they cannot.

SPEED. Without you? nay, that 's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal,

22 *takes diet*] follows a curative regimen.

23 *Hallowmas*] All Saints' Day, November 1, when beggars were wont to pursue their vocation with conspicuous energy.

25 *the lions*] *i. e.*, the lions kept in the Tower of London.

that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

VAL. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

VAL. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

SPEED. Why, sir, I know her not.

VAL. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

SPEED. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

VAL. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

SPEED. Sir, I know that well enough.

VAL. What dost thou know?

SPEED. That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favoured.

VAL. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

SPEED. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

VAL. How painted? and how out of count?

SPEED. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VAL. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPEED. You never saw her since she was deformed.

VAL. How long hath she been deformed?

SPEED. Ever since you loved her.

VAL. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED. If you love her, you cannot see her.

VAL. Why?

SPEED. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

VAL. What should I see then?

SPEED. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

VAL. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPEED. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VAL. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

SPEED. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

VAL. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED. And have you?

VAL. I have.

SPEED. Are they not lamely writ?

VAL. No, boy, but as well as I can do for them. Peace! here she comes.

SPEED. [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

85 *motion*] puppet-show, of which the showman was often called the *interpreter* (cf. l. 86).

Enter SILVIA

VAL. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

SPEED. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here 's a million of manners.

SIL. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

SPEED. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

VAL. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

SIL. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly done.

VAL. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SIL. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VAL. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet —

SIL. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; — and yet I care not; —
And yet take this again: — and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPEED. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another "yet."

VAL. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

SIL. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;

97 *servant*] often used for a lover; a rendering of the Italian *cavaliere servente*.

But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

VAL. Madam, they are for you.

SIL. Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.

VAL. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

SIL. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

VAL. If it please me, madam, what then?

SIL. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

SPEED. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

VAL. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

SPEED. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

VAL. To do what?

SPEED. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

VAL. To whom?

SPEED. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

VAL. What figure?

SPEED. By a letter, I should say.

VAL. Why, she hath not writ to me?

SPEED. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

VAL. No, believe me.

SPEED. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

VAL. She gave me none, except an angry word.

SPEED. Why, she hath given you a letter.

VAL. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

SPEED. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

VAL. I would it were no worse.

SPEED. I 'll warrant you, 't is as well:
For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

VAL. I have dined.

SPEED. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

157 *in print*] The four preceding lines are doubtless a quotation, though the source has not been traced. There is a quibble on the colloquial use of "in print" in the sense of "with exactness, precision."

163 *be moved*] have compassion.

SCENE II — VERONA

JULIA'S HOUSE

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA

PRO. Have patience, gentle Julia.
JUL. I must, where is no remedy.
PRO. When possibly I can, I will return.
JUL. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*
PRO. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
JUL. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
PRO. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: — nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia*
What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

7 *holy kiss*] one of the formal observances of a betrothal. Cf. *Tw. Night*, V, i, 152. The *holy close of lips.*

Enter PANTINO

PAN. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
PRO. Go; I come, I come.
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — THE SAME

A STREET

Enter LAUNCE *leading a dog*

LAUNCE. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with

2 *kind*] stock, family.

the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog, — Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: Oh, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her, why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO

PAN. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAUNCE. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

PAN. What 's the unkindest tide?

LAUNCE. Why, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog.

25 *wood woman*] mad, crazy woman; Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading *would-woman.*

26 *up and down*] all over.

34 *tied*] The quibble on *tide* and *tied* is of common occurrence in Elizabethan writers. Cf. Lyly's *Endimion,* IV, ii, 9–12.

PAN. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth?

LAUNCE. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

PAN. Where should I lose my tongue?

LAUNCE. In thy tale.

PAN. In thy tail!

LAUNCE. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

PAN. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

LAUNCE. Sir, call me what thou darest.

PAN. Wilt thou go?

LAUNCE. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV — MILAN

THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, *and* SPEED

SIL. Servant!

VAL. Mistress?

SPEED. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

VAL. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

SPEED. Not of you.

VAL. Of my mistress, then.

SPEED. 'T were good you knocked him. [*Exit.*

SIL. Servant, you are sad.

VAL. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

THU. Seem you that you are not ?

VAL. Haply I do.

THU. So do counterfeits.

VAL. So do you.

THU. What seem I that I am not ?

VAL. Wise.

THU. What instance of the contrary ?

VAL. Your folly.

THU. And how quote you my folly ?

VAL. I quote it in your jerkin.

THU. My jerkin is a doublet.

VAL. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.

THU. How ?

SIL. What, angry, Sir Thurio ! do you change colour ?

VAL. Give him leave, madam ; he is a kind of chameleon.

THU. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

VAL. You have said, sir.

THU. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

VAL. I know it well, sir ; you always end ere you begin.

SIL. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

18 *quote*] observe. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, i, 111–112: "I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not *quoted* him."

VAL. 'T is indeed, madam ; we thank the giver.

SIL. Who is that, servant ?

VAL. Yourself, sweet lady ; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

THU. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

VAL. I know it well, sir ; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

SIL. No more, gentlemen, no more : — here comes my father.

Enter DUKE

DUKE. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health :
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news ?

VAL. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

DUKE. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman ?

VAL. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

DUKE. Hath he not a son ?

VAL. Ay, my good lord ; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

DUKE. You know him well ?

VAL. I know him as myself ; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together :

And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellow'd but his judgement ripe ;
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

DUKE. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates ;
And here he means to spend his time awhile :
I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.

VAL. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

DUKE. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio,
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it :
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

VAL. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

SIL. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

VAL. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

SIL. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
VAL. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
THU. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
VAL. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.
SIL. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS

VAL. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
SIL. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
VAL. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
SIL. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
PRO. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
VAL. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
PRO. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.
SIL. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I 'll die on him that says so but yourself.
SIL. That you are welcome?
PRO. That you are worthless.

110 *I'll die on him*] I'll challenge him to mortal combat. Cf. *Look about you.* (Dodsley's 'Old Plays,' VII, 442). "I'll *die upon* the slanderer."

Enter SERVANT

SERV. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

SIL. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

PRO. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*

VAL. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

PRO. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

VAL. And how do yours?

PRO. I left them all in health.

VAL. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

PRO. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

VAL. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love 's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.

Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
PRO. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
VAL. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
PRO. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
VAL. Call her divine.
PRO. I will not flatter her.
VAL. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
PRO. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.
VAL. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
PRO. Except my mistress.
VAL. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
PRO. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
VAL. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour, —
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

148 *a principality*] a high order of angels. Cf. *Romans*, viii, 38, "nor angels, nor *principalities*, nor powers."

158 *summer-swelling*] expanding in summer into full bloom. Cf. "aestate tumentes," used of the shore in Lucan's *Pharsalia*,

PRO. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
VAL. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
PRO. Then let her alone.
VAL. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
PRO. But she loves you?
VAL. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
PRO. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I 'll presently attend you.

and translated by Sir Arthur Gorges (1614, Bk. VIII, p. 354) as "sommer-swelling."

VAL. Will you make haste?
PRO. I will. [*Exit Val.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much!
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections.
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

192] This is the Folio reading. A word is certainly wanting to complete the sense. Theobald read, "Is it mine *eye* or *Valentino's* praise." Malone read, "Is it *her mien* or *Valentinus'* praise." Theobald's emendation seems the better.

SCENE V — THE SAME

A STREET

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE *severally*

SPEED. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Padua!

LAUNCE. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always — that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say "Welcome!"

SPEED. Come on, you madcap, I 'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

LAUNCE. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

SPEED. But shall she marry him?

LAUNCE. No.

SPEED. How, then? shall he marry her?

LAUNCE. No, neither.

SPEED. What, are they broken?

LAUNCE. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

SPEED. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

LAUNCE. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

SPEED. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

LAUNCE. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

SPEED. What thou sayest?

LAUNCE. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

SPEED. It stands under thee, indeed.

LAUNCE. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

SPEED. But tell me true, will't be a match?

LAUNCE. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

SPEED. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

LAUNCE. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

SPEED. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

LAUNCE. I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED. Than how?

LAUNCE. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

SPEED. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

LAUNCE. Why fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

SPEED. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

LAUNCE. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the ale-house; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

SPEED. Why?

LAUNCE. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

SPEED. At thy service. [*Exeunt.* 50

SCENE VI—THE SAME

THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter PROTEUS

PRO. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun. 10
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd

49 *ale*] A quibble on two colloquial senses of the word, *i. e.*, "ale-house," and "festivity." In the latter sense the monosyllable is often treated as a terminative particle, *e. g.*, "Bride-*ale*" (*i. e.*, wedding-festivity) and "church-*ale*," a festivity when money was collected for church purposes.

With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
For there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia — witness Heaven, that made her fair! —
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII — VERONA

JULIA'S HOUSE

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA

JUL. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engraved,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
LUC. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
JUL. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
LUC. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
JUL. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
LUC. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,

4 *charácter'd*] The word is here accented on the second syllable.

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
JUL. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
LUC. But in what habit will you go along?
JUL. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
LUC. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.
JUL. No, girl; I 'll knit it up with silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
LUC. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

JUL. That fits as well as, "Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.
LUC. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.
JUL. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
LUC. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
JUL. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.
LUC. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
JUL. Nay, that I will not.
LUC. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.
JUL. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
LUC. All these are servants to deceitful men.
JUL. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;

70 *instances . . . of love*] proofs of love's infinity.

His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
LUC. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
JUL. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD—SCENE I—MILAN

ANTE-ROOM IN THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS

DUKE

SIR THURIO, GIVE US leave, I pray awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thu.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

PRO. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:

1 *give us leave*] withdraw.

Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

DUKE. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

PRO. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,

And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

DUKE. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

PRO. Adieu, my Lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE

DUKE. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VAL. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

DUKE. Be they of much import?

VAL. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.

DUKE. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

VAL. I know it well, my Lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;

Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

VAL. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

DUKE. There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor, —
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed, —
How and which way I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VAL. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

DUKE. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

81 *in Verona*] This is the reading of the Folio. The present scene passes *in Milan*. Suggested readings are *in Milan*, or *Milano*, and *of Verona*. *Of Verona* makes the better sense, while the textual change is very slight. Cf. V, iv, 129, *infra*.

89–91] Cf. Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Sestiad II, "a gift prevails When deep persuading oratory fails."

VAL. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away!"
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
DUKE. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
VAL. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.
DUKE. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
VAL. What lets but one may enter at her window?
DUKE. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
VAL. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,

119 *Hero*] see note on I, i, 22, *supra*.

So bold Leander would adventure it.

DUKE. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VAL. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

DUKE. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

VAL. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.

DUKE. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

VAL. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

DUKE. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

VAL. Ay, my good lord.

DUKE. Then let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.

VAL. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

DUKE. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What 's here? To "Silvia"!
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be."

What 's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."

'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon, — for thou art Merops' son, —
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this more than for all the favours,
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

VAL. And why not death rather than living torment?
To die is to be banished from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banished from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!

153 *Phaethon*] See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, II, 31 *seq.*, for the story of Phaethon, and his doubts whether Merops, a mere mortal, were his father. A like mention of Phaethon "mistrusting silly Merops for his sire" figures in the pre-Shakespearean play of *King John*, 1591.

171–173 *To die . . . banishment*] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, III, iii, 19–21, 40–43.

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE

PRO. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

LAUNCE. Soho, soho!

PRO. What seest thou?

LAUNCE. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair on 's head but 't is a Valentine.

PRO. Valentine?

VAL. No.

PRO. Who then? his spirit?

VAL. Neither.

PRO. What then?

VAL. Nothing.

182 *leave to be*] cease to be, die.

189 *Soho*] the cry raised by hunters of the *hare*, when the quarry was found. Hence the quibble on *hair* in line 191.

LAUNCE. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
PRO. Who wouldst thou strike?
LAUNCE. Nothing.
PRO. Villain, forbear.
LAUNCE. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you, —
PRO. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.
VAL. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
PRO. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
VAL. Is Silvia dead?
PRO. No, Valentine.
VAL. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn me?
PRO. No, Valentine.
VAL. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
What is your news?
LAUNCE. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
PRO. That thou art banished — O, that 's the news! —
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
VAL. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
PRO. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom —
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force —
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;

With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

VAL. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

PRO. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.

As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

VAL. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

PRO. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

VAL. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! 260

[*Exeunt* VAL. *and* PRO.

LAUNCE. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, — which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper*] Here is the cate-log of her condition. "Imprimis: She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. "Item: She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

263 *one knave*] a *single*, not a *double* villain. The poor quibble is often met with. Cf. Richard Edward's *Damon and Pythias*, 1571 (Dodsley's "Old Plays" iv, 20): "You lose money by him if you sell him for *one knave*; for he serves for twain."

268 *gossips*] The word means women attending a lying-in as well as sponsors or god-parents.

Enter SPEED

SPEED. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

LAUNCE. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

SPEED. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

LAUNCE. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

SPEED. Why, man, how black?

LAUNCE. Why, as black as ink.

SPEED. Let me read them.

LAUNCE. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

SPEED. Thou liest; I can.

LAUNCE. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

SPEED. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

LAUNCE. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

SPEED. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

LAUNCE. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

SPEED. [*reads*] "Imprimis: She can milk."

LAUNCE. Ay, that she can.

SPEED. "Item: She brews good ale."

LAUNCE. And thereof comes the proverb: "Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale."

292 *St. Nicholas*] St. Nicholas was the patron saint of clerks and scholars.

296 "*Blessing of your heart . . . ale*"] Ben Jonson makes allusion to the same proverb in his *Masque of Augurs*:

> "Our ale 's o' the best,
> And each good guest,
> *Prays for their souls* that brew it."

SPEED. "Item: She can sew."

LAUNCE. That 's as much as to say, Can she so?

SPEED. "Item: She can knit."

LAUNCE. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

SPEED. "Item: She can wash and scour."

LAUNCE. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

SPEED. "Item: She can spin."

LAUNCE. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

SPEED. "Item: She hath many nameless virtues."

LAUNCE. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

SPEED. "Here follow her vices."

LAUNCE. Close at the heels of her virtues.

SPEED. "Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

LAUNCE. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

SPEED. "Item: She hath a sweet mouth."

LAUNCE. That makes amends for her sour breath.

SPEED. "Item: She doth talk in her sleep."

LAUNCE. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

SPEED. "Item: She is slow in words."

LAUNCE. O villain, that set this down among her

319 *a sweet mouth*] a sweet tooth.

vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

SPEED. "Item: She is proud."

LAUNCE. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

SPEED. "Item: She hath no teeth."

LAUNCE. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

SPEED. "Item: she is curst."

LAUNCE. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED. "Item: She will often praise her liquor."

LAUNCE. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

SPEED. "Item: She is too liberal."

LAUNCE. Of her tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I 'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

SPEED. "Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

LAUNCE. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

SPEED. "Item: She hath more hair than wit,"—

LAUNCE. More hair than wit? It may be; I 'll prove

344 *more hair than wit*] An old proverb, implying that abundance of hair denotes scarcity of wisdom.

it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

SPEED. "And more faults than hairs," —

LAUNCE. That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

SPEED. "And more wealth than faults."

LAUNCE. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I 'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible, —

SPEED. What then? 360

LAUNCE. Why, then will I tell thee — that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate?

SPEED. For me?

LAUNCE. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

SPEED. And must I go to him?

LAUNCE. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

SPEED. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.* 370

LAUNCE. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter, — an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

351 *of the salt*] *i. e.*, of the salt cellar, which was commonly a large ornamental piece of plate set at the head of the dinner-table.

357 *the faults gracious*] *the faults* acceptable. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, iv, 32–33:

"O what a world of vile ill-favoured *faults*
Looks *handsome* in three hundred pounds a year."

SCENE II—THE SAME

THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO

DUKE. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

THU. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

DUKE. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter PROTEUS

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

PRO. Gone, my good lord.

DUKE. My daughter takes his going grievously.

PRO. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

DUKE. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee —
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert —
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

PRO. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

DUKE. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

PRO. I do, my lord.
DUKE. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
PRO. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
DUKE. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
PRO. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
DUKE. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.
PRO. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
DUKE. Then you must undertake to slander him.
PRO. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.
DUKE. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
PRO. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
THU. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
DUKE. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.
PRO. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
DUKE. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
PRO. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;

53 *bottom it on me*] A bottom is a ball of thread round which the skeins are wound. Hence "to bottom it [*i. e.* her love] on me" means to make me the ball or bottom round which to wind her love.

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

DUKE. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

THU. And thy advice this night I 'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

DUKE. About it, gentlemen!

PRO. We 'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

DUKE. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

84 *consort*] "concert," a band of musicians.

ACT FOURTH — SCENE I — THE FRONTIERS OF MANTUA

A FOREST

Enter certain OUTLAWS

FIRST OUTLAW



FELLOWS, STAND FAST; I see a passenger.

SEC. OUT. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED

THIRD OUT. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.

SPEED. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

VAL. My friends, —

FIRST OUT. That 's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

SEC. OUT. Peace! we 'll hear him.

THIRD OUT. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he 's a proper man.

VAL. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
SEC. OUT. Whither travel you?
VAL. To Verona.
FIRST OUT. Whence came you?
VAL. From Milan.
THIRD OUT. Have you long sojourned there?
VAL. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
FIRST OUT. What, were you banish'd thence?
VAL. I was.
SEC. OUT. For what offence?
VAL. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
FIRST OUT. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
VAL. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
SEC. OUT. Have you the tongues?
VAL. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
THIRD OUT. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

36 *Robin Hood's fat friar*] Friar Tuck.

FIRST OUT. We 'll have him. Sirs, a word.
SPEED. Master, be one of them; it 's an honourable kind of thievery.
VAL. Peace, villain!
SEC. OUT. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
VAL. Nothing but my fortune.
THIRD OUT. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
SEC. OUT. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
FIRST OUT. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose, — for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want, —
SEC. OUT. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?

46 *awful*] full of awe or respect for authority. Cf. *Rich. II*, III, iii, 76: "How dare thy joints forget to pay their *awful* duty."

49 *and near*] Theobald's brilliant emendation of the old reading *and Neece*.

To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

THIRD OUT. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

FIRST OUT. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

SEC. OUT. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

VAL. I take your offer, and will live with you, 70
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

THIRD OUT. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — MILAN

OUTSIDE THE DUKE'S PALACE, UNDER SILVIA'S CHAMBER

Enter PROTEUS

PRO. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

74 *crews*] Collier reads *cave*, and Singer *caves*. But Delius' reading, *crew*, may well be right.

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and* MUSICIANS

THU. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

PRO. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

THU. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

PRO. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

THU. Who? Silvia?

PRO. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.

THU. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, HOST, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes*

HOST. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

JUL. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

20 *creep in service . . . cannot go*] Cf. the Scottish proverb: "Kindness will *creep* where it *cannot gang*."

HOST. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask for.

JUL. But shall I hear him speak?

HOST. Ay, that you shall.

JUL. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

HOST. Hark, hark!

JUL. Is he among these?

HOST. Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

HOST. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

38–52] No musical setting earlier than that of Richard Leveridge of 1727 is extant. Schubert's setting of 1826 is now the best known. There are at least sixteen other nineteenth-century settings.

JUL. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

HOST. Why, my pretty youth?

JUL. He plays false, father.

HOST. How? out of tune on the strings?

JUL. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

HOST. You have a quick ear.

JUL. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

HOST. I perceive you delight not in music.

JUL. Not a whit, when it jars so.

HOST. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

JUL. Ay, that change is the spite.

HOST. You would have them always play but one thing?

JUL. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

HOST. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, — he loved her out of all nick.

JUL. Where is Launce?

HOST. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

JUL. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

PRO. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

THU. Where meet we?

PRO. At Saint Gregory's well.

THU. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.*

Enter SILVIA *above*

PRO. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
SIL. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
PRO. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
SIL. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
PRO. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
SIL. What 's your will?
PRO. That I may compass yours.
SIL. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, — by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
PRO. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
JUL. [*Aside*] 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
SIL. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

88–89 *will . . . wish*] See note on I, iii, 63, *supra*.

I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
PRO. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
SIL. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.
PRO. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
SIL. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
JUL. [*Aside*] He heard not that.
PRO. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.
JUL. [*Aside*] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
SIL. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.
PRO. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*

111 *rake*] uncover.
120 *else devoted*] dedicated elsewhere, to another.
125–126 *your falsehood . . . shapes*] your deceitful behaviour harmon-

JUL. Host, will you go?
HOST. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
JUL. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
HOST. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.
JUL. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — THE SAME

Enter EGLAMOUR

EGL. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There 's some great matter she 'ld employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA *above*

SIL. Who calls?
EGL. Your servant and your friend:
One that attends your ladyship's command.
SIL. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
SIL. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman, —
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not, —
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:

ises well with your worship of shadows and your adoration of unrealities.

Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

EGL. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me

37–38 *grievances . . . placed*] Your griefs (in love), which since I know they rest on virtuous foundations, *i. e.*, are virtuous.

As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

SIL. This evening coming.

EGL. Where shall I meet you?

SIL. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

EGL. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

SIL. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV — THE SAME

Enter LAUNCE, *with his Dog*

LAUNCE. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, "thus I would teach a dog." I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg: O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the

company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there — bless the mark! — a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one: "What cur is that?" says another: "Whip him out," says the third: "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't. Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA

PRO. Sebastian is thy name?—I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

23 *fellow that whips the dogs*]: This was part of the duty of the usher of the table in great households. Cf. *Mucedorus*, 1598 (Dodsley's "Old Plays" Vol. VII, p.240), where the function is fully described.



JUL. In what you please: I 'll do what I can.

PRO. I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAUNCE. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

PRO. And what says she to my little jewel?

LAUNCE. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

PRO. But she received my dog?

LAUNCE. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

PRO. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

LAUNCE. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PRO. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[*Exit Launce.*
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 't is no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,

52 *the hangman boys*] This is Singer's happy emendation of the Folio reading, "the Hangmans boyes." "Hangman" is here used adjectively, in the sense of *rascally* or *mischievous*.

Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.
JUL. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?
PRO. Not so; I think she lives.
JUL. Alas!
PRO. Why dost thou cry, "alas"?
JUL. I cannot choose
But pity her.
PRO. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
JUL. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'T is pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, "alas!"
PRO. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter. That 's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*
JUL. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will ;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love ;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended*

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

SIL. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

JUL. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

SIL. From whom ?

JUL. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

SIL. O, he sends you for a picture.

JUL. Ay, madam.

SIL. Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go give your master this : tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

JUL. Madam, please you peruse this letter. —
Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvised

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
SIL. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
JUL. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
SIL. There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
JUL. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
SIL. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
JUL. She thanks you.
SIL. What say'st thou?
JUL. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
SIL. Dost thou know her?
JUL. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.
SIL. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
JUL. I think she doth; and that 's her cause of sorrow.
SIL. Is she not passing fair?
JUL. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

SIL. How tall was she?

JUL. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 't was Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

SIL. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*

JUL. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved, and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

200 *unseeing eyes*] Cf. *Macb.*, III, iv, 95: "Thou hast *no speculation* in those *eyes.*"

ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — MILAN

AN ABBEY

Enter EGLAMOUR

EGLAMOUR

THE SUN BEGINS TO GILD the western sky ;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time ;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter SILVIA

Lady, a happy evening!

SIL. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall :
I fear I am attended by some spies.

EGL. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — THE SAME

THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA

THU. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
PRO. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
THU. What, that my leg is too long?
PRO. No; that it is too little.
THU. I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
JUL. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
THU. What says she to my face?
PRO. She says it is a fair one.
THU. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
PRO. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
JUL. [*Aside*] 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
THU. How likes she my discourse?
PRO. Ill, when you talk of war.

12 *Black men . . eyes*] A proverbial phrase. Cf. *A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye* (Ray's Proverbs).

13 *pearls*] A quibble on the word "pearl" in the sense of cataract.

THU. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
JUL. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
THU. What says she to my valour?
PRO. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
JUL. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
THU. What says she to my birth?
PRO. That you are well derived.
JUL. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
THU. Considers she my possessions?
PRO. O, ay; and pities them.
THU. Wherefore?
JUL. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.
PRO. That they are out by lease.
JUL. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE

DUKE. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
THU. Not I.
PRO. Nor I.
DUKE. Saw you my daughter?
PRO. Neither.
DUKE. Why then,
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine:

20 *doubt*] A quibble on the word in the sense of "fear."
29 *out by lease*] Not enjoyed by the owner, but leased out to be enjoyed by another. The insinuation is that the wise man keeps his possessions for his own enjoyment.

And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true ; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest ;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it ;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not ;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled :
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

THU. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I 'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

PRO. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*

JUL. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III — THE FRONTIERS OF MANTUA

THE FOREST

Enter OUTLAWS *with* SILVIA

FIRST OUT. Come, come,
Be patient ; we must bring you to our captain.

SIL. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

SEC. OUT. Come, bring her away.

FIRST OUT. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

THIRD OUT. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled;
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

FIRST OUT. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

SIL. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

Enter VALENTINE

VAL. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who 's this comes here?

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA

PRO. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
VAL. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
SIL. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
PRO. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
SIL. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
JUL. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
SIL. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,

I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.
PRO. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 't is the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they 're beloved!
SIL. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
PRO. In love
Who respects friend?
SIL. All men but Proteus.
PRO. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, — force ye.
SIL. O heaven!
PRO. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.
VAL. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
PRO. Valentine!
VAL. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love,

62 *common*] worthless.

For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!
PRO. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
VAL. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
JUL. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*
PRO. Look to the boy.

67 The reading of the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios. The First Folio omits *now*.

71 A twelve-syllabled line, a rare irregularity in Shakespeare's early plays.

82–83 Critics are unanimous in condemning as the fruit of hasty composition Valentine's unhesitating surrender of Silvia to Proteus.

VAL. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? Look up; speak.

JUL. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

PRO. Where is that ring, boy?

JUL. Here 't is; this is it.

PRO. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JUL. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

PRO. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

JUL. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

PRO. How! Julia!

JUL. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

101 *that gave aim . . . oaths*] the object at which all your oaths were aimed.

103 *cleft the root*] hit the root (of her heart), the centre of the target; an allusion to cleaving the pin in archery.

PRO. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect! That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
VAL. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.
PRO. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.
JUL. And I mine.

Enter OUTLAWS, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO

OUTLAWS. A prize, a prize, a prize!
VAL. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.
DUKE. Sir Valentine!
THU. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
VAL. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

129 *Verona*] This is the reading of the old editions. The sense demands a change to *Milan* or *Milano*. Cf. III, i, 81, *supra*. The error is probably due to the author's hasty composition.

THU. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
DUKE. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.
VAL. I thank your grace, the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
DUKE. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
VAL. These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:

137 *To make such means for her*] To adopt such unworthy measures to secure her. "One that *made means* to come by what he had." Cf. *Rich. III*, V, iii, 248.

144 *Plead . . . merit*] Declare or decree a new estate or rank for you in view of your unrivalled merit.

They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
DUKE. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee;
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
VAL. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
DUKE. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
VAL. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
DUKE. What mean you by that saying?
VAL. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

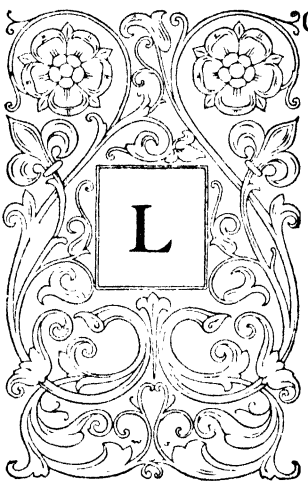
WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY SIR SIDNEY LEE
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY I. L. GLOAG

CONTENTS

	Page
Introduction to Love's Labour's Lost by Sir Sidney Lee	ix
Text of the Play	1

INTRODUCTION

I



"OVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST" may safely be regarded as the earliest of Shakespeare's plays. Its composition may be assigned without much fear of refutation to the year 1591, when its author was twenty-seven years old. He had probably arrived in London in search of a career five years before, and had at length gained a firm hold on the theatrical profession. He had made some progress in the reputation of an actor. Then, growing conscious of the possession of a playwright's capacity, he was ambitious to put that consciousness to a practical test.

In many respects "Love's Labour's Lost" belongs to a class of its own in Shakespearean drama. The plot stands almost alone in Shakespeare's work, in that it is

not known to have been borrowed. Subsequently it became Shakespeare's habit to adapt to his dramatic purposes stories and incidents of which other writers had treated already in printed books. But the slender chain of episode which constitutes the fable of Shakespeare's earliest play, though it is coloured by his reading, is substantially of his own invention.

The plot of the comedy is not above reproach. It is ingenious in motive and construction. In at least one scene, — in the last scene of Act IV., where the four lords are detected in breaking their oath against love, and each exposes in turn the perjury of the other — there is an efficiency of stagecraft which betrays full command of theatrical machinery. But elsewhere the piece is loosely jointed. The characters for the most part fall into detached groups which are not strongly knit together. The most distinctive feature of the plot is the transition from a frivolous to a pathetic situation in the concluding scene. The change bears bold testimony to the writer's unconventional originality, to his impatience of routine. With a surprising suddenness, with no preliminary hint, the action of careless banter and irresponsible merriment "begins to cloud." News of death silences the gaiety that has hitherto known no check. Light-hearted lovers are bidden at a moment's notice, when love's guerdon seems won, suspend all thoughts of love: one of them is condemned to face a year's life in

> "Some forlorn and naked hermitage,
> Remote from all the pleasures of the world,"

while another is sentenced to imprisonment in a hospital, there to "visit the speechless sick," and "enforce the pained impotent to smile." The wooing which is the burden of three-fourths of the piece, so far from ending with wedding bells "like an old play," is brought to a close by a funeral. Impressive in intention, as is this unforeseen passage from comic gaiety to tragic gravity, it is too abruptly contrived to achieve an effect that is quite satisfying.

The characterisation, too, falls below the most effective standards of dramatic art. It lacks complexity of detail or fulness of tone. The leading personages, — Biron, the Princess, and Rosaline — are brilliantly conceived sketches in outline; they are deficient in light or shadow. Of the lesser personages some are almost destitute of distinctive features, others are farcical embodiments of some marked eccentricity of speech or manner and approach the domain of caricature. Wit sways the conversation and provokes abundant merriment at the expense of fashionable foibles, but it rarely strikes the rich note of universal humour. The whole work is indeed a dramatic satire rather than a finished comedy — a satire of current social and political life. Such dramatic effectiveness as may justly be set to the play's credit depends rather on the shrewdness of insight and the good-natured frankness which it brings to the portrayal of contemporary society than on any sustained subtlety or delicacy of development in plot or character.

But despite much that is "overdone or come tardy off," "Love's Labour's Lost" offers unfaltering proof of

the handiwork of a master, albeit a young master, of dramatic language with a true ear for verbal harmony, of a dramatic poet who was first feeling his strength. The deliverances of the Princess and of Rosaline at the close of the play ring with the "elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesie." But it is on the hero Biron that Shakespeare lavished the finest flower of his nascent skill. Biron alone of all the characters is worthy of admission to the great gallery of portraits which Shakespeare was subsequently to limn. The poetic glow of his panegyric on love (IV. iii. 289–365) is hardly to be matched outside Shakespeare's own mature work. Indeed there is scarcely any prolonged speech of Biron which does not "sparkle" with "the right Promethean fire."

II

But poetic sentiment is not the staple fabric of the piece. The dramatist makes no endeavour to conceal the main source of his inspiration in the passing events and fashions of the day. Contemporary projects of academies for disciplining the young Elizabethan and checking his propensity to riotous living account for the central thread — the monastic vow of the French king and his court — round which the play revolves. The subsidiary embellishments of the plot are of like origin. Modes of speech and dress which were habitual to Elizabethan society are freely pressed by the dramatic satirist into his service. But he does not confine himself to

any single social rank. The inefficiency of rural constables and the pedantry of village schoolmasters fall within the scope of his gently wielded lash as readily as the affectations of lords and ladies of the court.

The literalness of Shakespeare's transcript in this play from living history — from the circumstance of contemporary politics — has few parallels in the work of dramatists of the highest genius. Shakespeare never made quite so bold an experiment in topical drama elsewhere. The hero, the king of Navarre, in whose dominion the scene is laid, bears the precise title of the Huguenot leader in the civil war of France, which was in progress between 1589 and 1594. The true king of Navarre enjoyed on the battle-field the support of many English volunteers of social position, and his fortunes attracted, while Shakespeare was writing "Love's Labour's Lost," unceasing notice in England. The two chief lords in attendance on the king in the play, Biron and Longaville, bear the actual names of the two most active associates of the real king of Navarre across St. George's Channel. The name of the Lord Dumain in "Love's Labour's Lost" is a common anglicised version of the name of that Duc de Maine, or Mayenne, another French general and statesman, who was so frequently mentioned in popular accounts of current French affairs in connection with the king of Navarre's movements that Shakespeare loosely numbered him also among his supporters.

The bestowal on the *dramatis personæ* of the nomenclature of well-known living men extends beyond the

circle of the leading characters. Moth, the pretty ingenious page, was directly called after a French ambassador who was long popular in London; and, though he left England in 1583, he lived in the memory of playgoers and playwrights long after "Love's Labour 's Lost" was written. Armado, "the fantastical Spaniard," who haunts Navarre's court, and is dubbed by another courtier, "a phantasm, a Monarcho," is a transparent reminiscence of a half-crazed Spaniard known as "fantastical Monarcho," who for many years hung about Elizabeth's court. The name "Armado" was clearly adapted from that of the Spanish expedition of 1588.

Equally topical is the introduction into the comedy of allusion to recent attempts on the part of Elizabeth's government to negotiate with the Tsar of Russia. The scene (V. ii. 158–599) in which the Princess's lovers urge their suit in the disguise of Russians recalls the reception in 1584 by ladies of Elizabeth's court of Russian ambassadors who came to London to seek a wife for the Tsar among the daughters of the English nobility.[1]

It is obvious that Shakespeare at the outset of his career of dramatist placed a very literal interpretation on that definition of the purpose of playing, which, in the form that he enunciated it later, became a household word. He soon modified, subtilised, idealised his dra-

[1] I believe I was the first to indicate by citation of such details as these the topical character of the play, in a paper that I wrote in my youth, "A new Study of Love's Labour 's Lost," published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1880. The results of research which I there announced for the first time, have been widely adopted by subsequent writers on Shakespeare or by editors of this play.

matic aims and practices, but in "Love's Labour's Lost" his method showed with unblushing realism "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

III

To the Shakespearean critic "Love's Labour's Lost" offers a singularly rich field of study. It abounds in suggestion regarding Shakespeare's past, present, and future. It illuminates firstly the seven-and-twenty years of preparation that lay behind him; secondly, the period of his life which was contemporaneous with the play's composition; and thirdly, the five-and-twenty years of glorious fulfilment that lay before him. On the one hand the piece sheds light on Shakespeare's early training and on the formative stage of his literary experience; on the other hand it supplies in embryo many a suggestion which emerges full-fledged in his later work.

No other of Shakespeare's compositions illustrates quite so vividly the character and influence of his education. The play summarily confutes the old-fashioned notion that Shakespeare knew nothing of any language but his own. The tags of Latin with which the conversation of the schoolmaster and the curate are interspersed are reminiscences of Shakespeare's school days, and are drawn from Latin grammar-books and phrase-books which were in use at Stratford-on-Avon Grammar School, and in all good Elizabethan schools. They clearly prove that Shakespeare acquired some knowledge of Latin liter-

ature at school at Stratford, and that that knowledge abided undiminished in his adult memory.

The schoolmaster panegyrises Ovid as the pattern of versifiers (IV. ii. 125–131). With scornful impatience he corrects a blunder in Latin grammar, to which he humorously applies the words "Priscian, a little scratched" (V. i. 32). He gives loud voice to his admiration of the work of Mantuanus, a noted Latin poet of the sixteenth century, and quotes a line from the "old Mantuan's" eclogues, which were exalted above Vergil's by professional teachers of the day (IV. ii. 96–102). Passages like these abound, and in all there was clearly at work the pen of one who had followed with alertness his early lessons in Latin, and still cherished familiarity with his school-books.

At the same time the play abundantly indicates that Shakespeare's studies had passed in the late years of his youth beyond the literary limits of a school curriculum. With that quick curiosity that marked his intellectual development, he had clearly explored much that was conspicuous in contemporary literature, and had learned something of legal phraseology.

Of the technical language of the law which in "Love's Labour's Lost" found admission for the first of many times to Shakespeare's dramatic vocabulary, it need only be said that legal terminology was a constant feature of Elizabethan literature, and Shakespeare's employment of it merely conformed to the literary usage of his day. It is quite possible to explain Shakespeare's resort to it without appeal to the theory that he spent a portion of

his youth in a lawyer's office. Litigation was common to all classes of Elizabethan society; Shakespeare's father was no stranger to its pursuit. Intercourse with law students in London was freely open to literary aspirants, and lawyers were in especial sympathy with all grades of the theatrical profession. Shakespeare's readiness in assimilating technical information was peculiarly characteristic of his mental calibre. It receives its earliest illustration in "Love's Labour's Lost" where without apparent effort he adapts to his literary purposes legal expressions of very technical import, such, for example, as "taken with the manner" (I. i. 204) and "several" (II. i. 225–226).

In the sphere of contemporary literature, the play shows Shakespeare to have been recently interesting himself in the work of those two men whose reputation at the moment stood highest in the world of English letters, Sir Philip Sidney and John Lyly. As long ago as 1579 Sir Philip Sidney had written a fantastic masque called, "The Lady of the May." It was composed for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth when at Wanstead, on May Day in that year, she visited the Earl of Leicester, Sidney's uncle. Since Sidney's death, in 1586, this masque with the rest of his literary work had enjoyed great vogue, and had circulated widely in manuscript. (It was not printed till 1598.) From a leading character in Sidney's "Lady of the May," — Rombus, a village schoolmaster, — Shakespeare largely drew both the pedantic speech of the village schoolmaster Holofernes, and the bombastic dialect of the braggart Armado.

Rombus, "fully persuaded of his own learned wisdom," talks in Latinised English of burlesque pomposity. His first address to the "Lady of the May"—the heroine in Sidney's masque—opens thus: "Now the thunder-thumping *Jove* transfund his dotes into your excellent formositie." When the lady replies, "Away, away you tedious fool," the schoolmaster retorts, "*O tempora, O mores!* In profession a child, in dignity a woman, in years a lady, in *cæteris* a maid! that she should thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine with the super-scription of a fool!" Subsequently he delivers himself of many phrases like, "*O tace, tace*, for all the fat will be ignified"; or, "*Bene, bene, nunc de questione proposita*, that is as much as to say, 'Well, well, now to the proposed question.'"

Parallels to these expressions abound in utterances of both Holofernes and Armado in "Love's Labour's Lost." Armado, whose ambition it is to be "singled from the barbarous," tells his page in the dialect of Sidney's peda-gogue that he calls him "tender juvenal as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender" (I. ii. 13–16). Of Armado himself, the rival pedant, the schoolmaster Holofernes remarks, also in Rombus's vein: "*Novi hominem tanquam te*; his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general be-haviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical" (V. i. 9–13).

Critics have detected in the affected language of Armado and of Holofernes a conscious effort on Shake-speare's part to parody with precision forms of speech

which flourished in foreign literatures of the sixteenth century. The grandiloquent and hyperbolical diction of Spain, which was called at an early period "Guevarism" and at a later period "Gongorism" (after its chief practisers, Antonio de Guevara and Luis de Gongora), as well as the Latinist pedantry that was familiar in both Italy and Spain, have been freely quoted as sources of Shakespeare's inspiration. But it seems unnecessary to go far beyond the bounds of Sidney's masque and the extravagant language of its leading character Rombus to find the main suggestion of Shakespeare's linguistic mockeries.

Other opportunity was offered Shakespeare at home of studying pedantic speech, and of elaborating his verbal satire. The English author Lyly, who was a very active contemporary during forty-two years of Shakespeare's life, enjoyed a popularity which came to eclipse that of Sidney. Lyly's prose treatise, "Euphues," disseminated far and wide a style of classicised affectation which long held its own in England among unbalanced aspirants to fashionable culture. But the precise extent of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Lyly's didactic romance may be open to question. On the other hand there is no room for disputing his large debt to another branch of Lyly's literary work, — to his fantastic comedies. Two of these, "Campaspe" and "Sapho and Phao," had been published in 1584, and three, "Endimion," "Galathea," and "Midas," had been licensed for publication in 1591. In all these pieces Lyly adapted to the stage themes derived from classical mythology.

In that regard "Love's Labour 's Lost" did not emulate Lyly's endeavours. Shakespeare first tried his hand at a mythological adaptation in the somewhat later effort of "Midsummer Night's Dream." But Lyly's dramatic work is even more notable for the abundance and artificiality of its jests and its inveterate air of conceited pedantry. It was these features which were directly reflected in Shakespeare's first essay in comedy. Many scenes and characters in "Love's Labour 's Lost" were obviously inspired by Lyly. Sir Tophas, "a foolish braggart" in Lyly's play of "Endimion," was the father of Shakespeare's character of "Armado," while Armado's page-boy, Moth, is as filially related to Sir Tophas's page-boy "Epiton." The dialogues between Sir Tophas and Epiton in Lyly's "Endimion" practically reappear in the dialogues of Armado and Moth in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour 's Lost." In other regards than characterisation or dialogue, Shakespeare's discipleship to Lyly declares itself in "Love's Labour 's Lost." Lyly, following the Italian habit, regarded prose as the fit vehicle for comedy. In conformity with Lyly's practice, Shakespeare denied the ornament of verse to fully a third part of "Love's Labour 's Lost." The lyrics with which Lyly's plays were interspersed are their most attractive features. Therein, too, Shakespeare accepted Lyly's instruction. But, Shakespeare alike in his lyrics, his prose, and his word-play, greatly improved on his model. He brought to his work even at the outset a fuller-blooded humanity than that which lay within Lyly's range.

IV

Interesting as is the examination of the various fields — school-books, fashionable literature of the day, current history — whence Shakespeare derived hints for this first play, of higher interest is it to trace in the work the steady reflection of its author's personality, at the era in his life when the piece came to birth. On every other page is visible a rare quickness of apprehension, a rare exuberance of imagination, but the quality is nearly always that peculiar to inspired youth, to a child of light, whose activity was not yet controlled by ripened judgment — the sole guarantee of artistic perfection. The smartness of great intellect that has not reached maturity characterises most of that "civil war of wits," in which all the persons of the drama at some time or other engage. "Snip, snap, quick and home" is the password of the verbal encounters, but the rapid repartee too often overshoots the mark alike of logic and propriety. The ladies' talk among themselves is at times defaced by an obscenity which Shakespeare seldom introduced into his later portrayal of feminine conversation. The Princess and her companions even impress the boor Costard with their coarseness of tongue. Their "greasy" merriment is one of many testimonies to the untamed insolence of the dramatist's youth. In other places the point of the jests has now been blunted by time; but in many more it is the "sweet smoke of rhetoric" — of youthful rhetoric that needs the restraint

of judgment — which obscures the issues of the conflict. Everywhere the dialogue moves buoyantly but it is with the buoyancy of an adolescence which awaits the burden of years to give its speech full balance and pertinence.

The versification bears like witness to the prentice hand. Shakespeare was endowed by nature with a feeling for the music of words, and nothing that came from his pen at any period of his career is without evidence of his mastery of the verbal harmonies. But the lyric vein dominated Shakespeare's youthful genius, and when he wrote "Love's Labour 's Lost," it had not suffered effectual subordination to that dramatic instinct which ultimately swayed his being. He is unwilling in his earliest comedy to restrict himself to blank verse; rhyme is more congenial to him; he has resort to alternately rhyming lines and even to those rhyming six-line stanzas which he employed in his narrative poem — "the first fruit of his invention" — "Venus and Adonis." It may be possible to justify the rhyming couplet in drama, but all other rhyming forms are clearly in conflict with just principles of dramatic expression. Still more noticeable is the fascination that the sonnet exerted on Shakespeare when he wrote the play. The fourteen lines of peroration in Biron's long speech (I. i. 80–93) take the shape of a quatorzain. The king and his courtier Longaville each turns a sonnet in his mistress's honour. Shakespeare's dominating lyric impulse swept the sonnet form as freely as other forms of lyric stanza into the current of the dramatic discourse.

The many similarities of tone and expression between "Love's Labour's Lost" and Shakespeare's collected sonnets prove more completely than any other evidence how pervasive is the lyric tendency in this early dramatic work. Longaville's regular sonnet (IV. iii. 60 *seq.*) closely catches the tone that is familiar to readers of Shakespeare's great collection. It begins with the rhetorical question, which is a common exordium in Shakespearean and other Elizabethan sonnets:—

> "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
> 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
> Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
> Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment."[1]

Not only the syntactical and metrical form, but the imagery in "Love's Labour's Lost" is often identical with that in Shakespeare's sonnets.[2]

[1] Cf. Sonnet CXXXIX.:

> "O, call me not to justify the wrong
> That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
> Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue:
> Use power with power, and slay me not by art."

and Sonnet CLII.:

> "In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn."

[2] The manner of the resemblance carries little doubt, too, that many of the sonnets belong to the same period in the dramatist's life as the comedy. The imagery of great poets suffers constant flow. Its stores are continually replenished in the course of their careers, and no internal evidence as to the chronological relation of two compositions from the same poet's pen is open to less dispute than that which is drawn from the tone and texture of the imagery. Whenever a substantial part of the imagery in two or more works is of identical tone and texture, no doubt seems permissible that they belong to the same epoch in the poet's career.

The lyric image of sun worship in Sonnet VII. 1–4,

> "Lo, in the Orient when the gracious light
> Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
> Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
> Serving with looks his sacred majesty,"

reappears in heightened colour in Biron's speech in "Love's Labour's Lost" (IV. iii. 221–228):

> "Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
> That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
> At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
> Bows not his vassal head, and strucken blind
> Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
> What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
> Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
> That is not blinded by her majesty?"

Another conceit which Shakespeare develops persistently, in almost identical language, in both sonnets and play, is that the eye is the sole source of love, the exclusive home of beauty, the creator, too, of strange delusions in the minds of lovers.[1]

[1] Mr. C. F. McClumpha, of the University of Minnesota, in Modern Language Notes, Vol. XV. No. 6, June, 1900, pp. 337–346, has collected a large number of suggestive parallelisms between the sonnets and the play. Cf. Sonnet XIV. 9:

> "But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive."

L. L. L. IV. iii. 350:

> "From women's eyes this doctrine I derive," etc.

Sonnet XVII. 5, 6:

> "If I could write the beauty of your eyes
> And in fresh numbers number all your graces."

Furthermore, the taunts which Biron's friends address to him on the black or dark complexion of his lady love, Rosaline, are in phrase and temper at one with Shakespeare's addresses to his dark lady in the sonnets. In his comedy and in his poems Shakespeare plays precisely the same fantastic variations on the conventional theme of Renaissance lyrists, that a black complexion, though often the sign of a sinful disposition, is not necessarily the negation of virtue.

More might be said of the play's irregularities and imperfections, of its breaches of metrical, moral, and artistic law. Such imperfections are all assignable to the dramatist's inexperience, and are inevitable in experimental work. It is pleasanter to dwell on the compensating features which are likewise inherent in poetic genius at its first stage of development. There is in the comedy something far more welcome and of nobler promise than aught which formal obedience to prescrip-

L. L. L. IV. iii. 322–323:

> "Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
> Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with."

Sonnet CXIV. 2–7:

> "Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
> And that your love taught it this alchemy,
> To make of monsters and things indigest
> Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble,
> Creating every bad a perfect best,
> As fast as objects to his beams assemble?"

L. L. L. VII. 750–753:

> "As love is full of unbefitting strains,
> All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
> Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
> Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms."

tive rules of art could of itself in any circumstance achieve. There is the charm of freshness, the gusty relish for the stir of life, above all, the flashes of perfect vision, the intuitive apprehension of the essential conditions of human existence, which comes, when it comes at all, as often to poetic youth as to poetic age.

Through all the jesting and extravagance of the play there runs a serious argument, — an argument thoroughly sound and useful at the core, though it is liable to distortion through excess of emphasis. The central theme illustrates how the natural instincts of man are entitled to respect and not to scorn; how those instincts inevitably defy artificial or academic restraint; how life is more important to men and women than literature; how books and learning may become the objects of a false worship, and how an over-estimate of their value in the human economy ends in ludicrous disaster. The satire at the expense of study which finds repeated expression in the play has a philosophic significance and is of wide application. The "reasons" advanced "against reading" by the hero Biron are echoed by the rank and file of the *dramatis personæ*, who are of different and inferior calibre to him. The boy Moth and the clown Costard wax merry over the culture of their masters. But it is at the misuse, not at the true use, of culture and learning that Shakespeare tilts; it is the irrational exaltation of literature and of artificial styles of speech above natural wisdom and natural language that moves the young dramatist's disdain. The excessive concentration of energy in any one direction — be it intellectual or

physical — is fatal to humanity's equilibrium. That is the illuminating truth which fired the mind of Shakespeare when he wrote "Love's Labour's Lost."

V

Powerful as is the light that "Love's Labour's Lost" casts alike on Shakespeare's training in youth, and on his attitude to his art and to his environment in those early years of manhood when he designed and wrote the play, there is a third point of view from which the work claims examination. It illustrates future developments in Shakespeare's artistic career as well as those which either were past or were contemporary with it. Some characters, some dramatic devices, some philosophic reflections which were lightly or crudely sketched with experimental pencil in "Love's Labour's Lost" dwelt in his mind, and when his powers had attained fuller vigour, he worked on them anew. The immature sketches came again from his hand as finished pictures, and a careful comparison of the sketches and the pictures offers us a somewhat precise measure of the rate at which Shakespeare's genius progressed.

In the lower grades of the *dramatis personæ* of "Love's Labour's Lost," Constable Dull was remoulded, and emerged again in the ampler figure of Constable Dogberry. The country wench, Jacquenetta, was redrawn with maturer humour as Audrey, in "As You Like It." A touch of Armado's wooing vein is traceable,

too, in Touchstone's mode of courting. The Princess's chamberlain, Boyet, whose personality Biron describes with exceptional vividness (Act V. ii. 316–335), adumbrates no less a figure than Polonius; for Boyet is a shadowy image of Polonius — of Polonius in the heyday of youth, when he was a self-conscious and licentious young wag to whom age had not yet brought its full weight of pomposity and tediousness.

Among characters of higher rank in "Love's Labour's Lost," the Princess and Rosaline might each be regarded as the preliminary sketch of the most spirited and self-reliant of all Shakespeare's youthful heroines: Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing." Beatrice's type of womanhood clearly appealed to Shakespeare; it was his early ambition to depict it in drama and he did not rest satisfied until he had achieved the aim in perfection. No hero in the Shakespearean realm of subsequent days can be exactly described as a reincarnation of Biron. But some of his valiant spirit lived again in Romeo and some even in Hamlet.

Among dramatic devices which Shakespeare reproduced from "Love's Labour's Lost" when he had gained fuller mastery of his craft, the show of the nine worthies stands out conspicuously. That device reappears in ripened excellence in the moving tragi-comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, in "Midsummer Night's Dream." The "rude mechanicals" of Athens exhale in full measure that rude breath of life which only flickers uncertainly on the lips of the village actors in the earlier comedy. But the ground plan is there, and the later play re-

veals the completed structure that growing experience and vigour has enabled the dramatist to rear upon it. In each case the rough but well-intentioned efforts of the rustic amateurs are watched with generous tolerance of crudities and imperfections by high-born and cultured spectators whom the simple performers seek to entertain. The gentleness of temper which the auditors exhibit seems to reflect the amiability of the author. The spectators' comment on the villagers' dramatic pastimes finds different modes of expression in the two pieces, and the difference is characteristic of the writer's growing grasp of life and art. The kindly speech of the Princess (in "Love's Labour's Lost"), who argues that honest zeal in any cause compensates for defects of accomplishment ("Love's Labour's Lost," V. ii. 517–521), gains in clearness, in dramatic movement, and in fertility of illustration, when it is re-enunciated by Theseus, who exalts the modesty and simplicity of honest and dutiful endeavour above the "rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence." ("Midsummer Night's Dream," V. i., VI. 89–106.)

The opportunity which the play offers for exercise in the comparative criticism of Shakespeare's work is well-nigh inexhaustible. There is yet another point of view from which the subject may be approached. The typography and bibliography of the piece, as it is now accessible to us, offer some peculiarly detailed illustrations of the growth of Shakespeare's dramatic faculty.

"Love's Labour's Lost" was printed for the first time in quarto in Shakespeare's lifetime in 1598, some seven

years after it was first written. The title-page describes this original edition as "newly corrected and augmented," words which indicate that in the interval between composition and publication the work had undergone revision at its author's hand. The title-page, which not inappropriately bestows on the piece the description "A Pleasant Conceited Comedie," also states that it was printed "As it was presented before her Highnes (i. e. Queen Elizabeth) this last Christmas (i. e. 1597)." Doubtless it was owing to a revival of the play at court that it underwent "correction" and "augmentation." The quarto has the special interest of being the first printed book to bear on its title the name of Shakespeare ("W. Shakespeare") as dramatic author.

But the little volume claims its highest literary interest for Shakespearean scholars in the circumstance that the publisher or printer employed "copy" which brought together indifferently passages both in their original shape and in their revised form. It is clear from the condition of the extant text that Shakespeare frequently rewrote lines or speeches, intending to supplant his first draft by an improved version. The manuscript which reached the printer supplied the revised text; but some unrevised passages were not fully deleted, with the result that both first and second versions were admitted to the printed book side by side. This uncritical confusion offers us an opportunity of comparing the two versions which belong to very different years of Shakespeare's life. The comparison graphically illustrates the flowing current of Shakespeare's art.

The places in the extant text where cancelled lines most obviously survive are three in number. Two appear in separate sections of Biron's long speech in Act IV. Sc. iii. and the third is in Rosaline's reply to her lover's final appeal to her in Act V. Sc. ii. In each of these three instances the first draft is very jejune, very constrained, very tame, very colourless, when contrasted with the expansive warmth and varied movement of the second.

In the first passage of Biron's speech with which we are concerned Shakespeare was content to write in the first draft (IV. iii. 299–301):

> "For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
> Have found the ground of study's excellence
> Without the beauty of a woman's face?"

For these lines Shakespeare afterwards substituted the more luxuriant sentences (ll. 320–333):

> "For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
> In leaden contemplation have found out
> Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
> Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
> Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
> And therefore, finding barren practisers,
> Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
> But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
> Lives not alone immured in the brain;
> But, with the motion of all elements,
> Courses as swift as thought in every power,
> And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ; " etc.

Again in the same speech of Biron (ll. 302–304) Shakespeare's first draft ran : —

" From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire."

In the second version these lines were converted into (ll. 350–353) :

" From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world."

Throughout, Shakespeare's second thoughts are ampler and require a larger number of words for their expression than his first thoughts. In Act V. Sc. ii. 827–832, Biron's brief appeal to Rosaline and her equally brief reply which together fill six lines, are replaced by more copious speeches which now occupy thirty-five lines (ll. 847–881). Rosaline's speech in its completed form is too long to quote here, but it is an admirable exercise for the critic to contrast it in detail with the first sketch as it survives, by virtue of a printer's error, a little higher up the page.

It is quite possible that, in other scenes than these, revised and unrevised passages still survive in conjunction. But the investigation elsewhere involves argument and conjecture. The irregular length of the several Acts

is a notable feature of the piece and has been held to offer conspicuous evidence of re-casting, after it was first composed.[1] Acts II. and III., which run to no more than 260 lines and 207 lines respectively, are together far shorter than Act I., which reaches a total of 518 lines. Act IV. rises to as many as 710 lines, while Act V. altogether out-distances any of its predecessors. It numbers 1,104 lines, is almost a third of the whole play, and very slightly falls below the aggregate length of the three preceding acts. Critics have tried to explain the swollen proportions of Act V. by assuming that the greater part of it presents that augmentation to which the title-page directs attention. The same theory is held to apply in lesser degree to the Fourth Act, which is also disproportionately prolonged. But the last two Acts are the salt of the comedy. As originally designed they must have formed its chief centres of interest, and on them Shakespeare must from the first have lavished most of his energy. Whatever labour of revision was bestowed on them after they were first composed, the greater part must have figured in the first draft, and their exaggerated dimensions were, it may be fairly assumed, original defects of construction. Any process of augmentation and correction which they suffered subsequently, when the play renewed its life on the stage, and was first committed to the printing press, can hardly have touched their main drifts.

[1] The Acts were not numbered in the quarto of 1598; they were first indicated in the folio of 1623, but the dividing lines of the action, although not marked categorically, are plainly visible in the original impression.

Neither the plan nor the execution of "Love's Labour's Lost" allows it to rank, whether after or before revision, with the trophies of Shakespeare's maturity. The piece is essentially a memorial of Shakespeare's adolescence — but it proves that adolescence to have been alert and resourceful, fanciful and meditative, in a degree which knows no exact parallel in history.

SIDNEY LEE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE,
DUMAIN,
} lords attending on the King.

BOYET,
MERCADE,
} lords attending on the Princess of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.
DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH, page to Armado.
A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA,
KATHARINE,
} ladies attending on the Princess.

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE — *Navarre.*

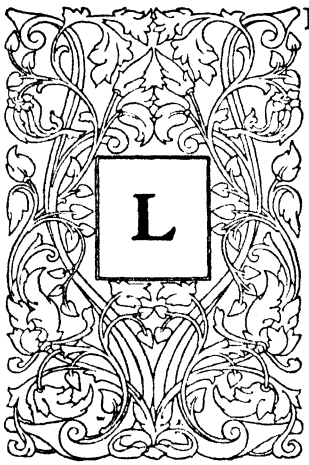
1 This play was first printed in quarto in 1598. The quarto edition was reprinted with trifling changes in the First Folio of 1623. A second quarto edition of 1631 reprints the First Folio version. No list of *dramatis personæ* is given in any of the early editions. This was first supplied by Rowe in his edition of Shakespeare's works, 1709. The first quarto does not divide the play into either acts or scenes. The First Folio divides it into acts alone. Rowe first subdivided the acts into scenes.

ACT FIRST — SCENE I — NAVARRE

A PARK, NEAR A PALACE

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN

KING



ET FAME, THAT ALL hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors, — for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires, —
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
KING. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
BIRON. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,

77–79 *Light, seeking . . . your eyes*] The sense is, that a man by too close study may read himself blind.

80–83 *Study me . . . blinded by*] When the eye has been dazzled or half-blinded by fixing its gaze on a "fairer eye," that "fairer eye" shall become its "heed," or lode-star, and give back to it the light of which it has been deprived. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, I, i, 183: "Your *eyes* are *lode-stars*."

Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.
KING. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!
DUM. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
LONG. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
BIRON. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.
DUM. How follows that?
BIRON. Fit in his place and time.
DUM. In reason nothing.
BIRON. Something, then, in rhyme.
KING. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
BIRON. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
KING. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.

95 *Proceeded*] A quibble upon the academic use of this word for graduating.

110 *sit you out*] stand out, take no part; an expression used in connection with indoor games.

BIRON. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with you :
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I 'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day
Give me the paper ; let me read the same ;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.

KING. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !

BIRON [*reads*]. "Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court," — Hath this been proclaimed ? 120

LONG. Four days ago.

BIRON. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads*] "on pain of losing her tongue." Who devised this penalty ?

LONG. Marry, that did I.

BIRON. Sweet lord, and why ?

LONG. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

BIRON. A dangerous law against gentility !

[*Reads*] "Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise." 130

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak, —
A maid of grace and complete majesty, —
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father :
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

KING. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

BIRON. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

KING. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

BIRON. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on "mere necessity."
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to other as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

KING. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

147–158 *Necessity . . . his oath*] These twelve lines are formed of two six-ains, or six-line stanzas, rhyming *ababcc* (cf. IV, iii, 210–215, *infra*). This is the metre of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and of much narrative verse of the period. It is rarely used in drama.

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

BIRON. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

LONG. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL *with a letter, and* COSTARD

DULL. Which is the Duke's own person?

BIRON. This, fellow: what wouldst?

DULL. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

BIRON. This is he.

DULL. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you. There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

182 *tharborough*] third-borough, constable. Thus the First Folio. The first quarto reads *Farborough*, doubtless by way of reproducing the constable's mispronunciation.

COST. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

KING. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

BIRON. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

LONG. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

BIRON. To hear? or forbear laughing?

LONG. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

BIRON. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

COST. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The matter of it is, I was taken with the manner.

BIRON. In what manner?

COST. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,— it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form, — in some form.

BIRON. For the following, sir?

COST. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

KING. Will you hear this letter with attention?

BIRON. As we would hear an oracle.

199 *taken with the manner*] "in flagrante delicto." According to Cowell's Law Dictionary (1607), "Mainour alias manour . . . in a legal sense denoteth the thing that a thief taketh or stealeth; as to be *taken with the mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him."

COST. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

KING [*reads*]. "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron." —

COST. Not a word of Costard yet.

KING [*reads*]. "So it is," —

COST. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

KING. Peace!

COST. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

KING. No words!

COST. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

KING [*reads*]. "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where, — it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth," —

236 *curious-knotted*] with flower-beds intersecting one another with some complication. Cf. Lyly's *Euphues*, in *Works*, ed. R. W. Bond, i, 187: "Gardeiners who in their *curious knottes* mixe Hisoppe wyth Time."

COST. Me?

KING [*reads*]. "that unlettered small-knowing soul," —

COST. Me? 240

KING [*reads*]. "that shallow vassal," —

COST. Still me?

KING [*reads*]. "which, as I remember, hight Costard," —

COST. O, me!

KING [*reads*]. "sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with, — O, with — but with this I passion to say wherewith," —

COST. With a wench. 248

KING [*reads*]. "with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

DULL. Me, an 't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

KING [*reads*]. "For Jaquenetta, — so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, — I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliment of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty. DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

BIRON. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard, 261

KING. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

255, 256 *vessel*] The word is used as in the New Testament; both the lines in which it figures echo scriptural phrases. Cf. "the weaker *vessel*" 1 *Peter*, i, 7; and "the *vessels* of wrath," *Rom.* ix, 22.

COST. Sir, I confess the wench.

KING. Did you hear the proclamation?

COST. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

KING. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

COST. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

KING. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

COST. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

KING. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

COST. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

KING. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

COST. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

KING. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

COST. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

KING. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*

BIRON. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

COST. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was

taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — THE SAME

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH *his Page*

ARM. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARM. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

MOTH. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

ARM. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOTH. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

ARM. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

MOTH. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

ARM. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

MOTH. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

ARM. Pretty and apt.

MOTH. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH. Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARM. In thy condign praise.

MOTH. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARM. What, that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

MOTH. I am answered, sir.

ARM. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.

ARM. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

MOTH. You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARM. Impossible.

MOTH. How many is one thrice told?

ARM. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

MOTH. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

ARM. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

MOTH. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARM. It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH. Which the base vulgar do call three.

ARM. True.

33 *crosses*] The pun here turns on the use of the word in the sense of money, *i. e.* coins stamped with a *cross*.

MOTH. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

ARM. A most fine figure!

MOTH. To prove you a cipher.

ARM. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

MOTH. Hercules, master.

ARM. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

53 *the dancing horse*] A reference to a clever performing horse known as *Marocco* or *Morocco*, which was for many years towards the end of the sixteenth century exhibited in London and the chief cities of England and the continent by its master, a Staffordshire man, named Bankes. Numerous references to the animal's powers of dancing and of solving arithmetical puzzles, to which allusion is made in the text, figure in contemporary literature. Cf. Hall's *Satires*, Bk. IV, satire 2, "strange *Morocco's* dumb arithmetic," and Bastard's *Chrestoleros*, 1598, Bk. III, Epigram 17:

> "Bankes hath an horse of wondrous qualitie,
> For he can fight *and daunce* and lie."

MOTH. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

ARM. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

MOTH. A woman, master.

ARM. Of what complexion?

MOTH. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

ARM. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

MOTH. Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARM. Is that one of the four complexions?

MOTH. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

ARM. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that color, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

MOTH. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

ARM. My love is most immaculate white and red.

76 *complexion*] Used in the double sense of "colour of the face" and "humour" or "temperament" of the body. The humours or temperaments were held in contemporary medicine to be *four* in number, *viz.*: the phlegmatic, choleric, sanguine, and melancholy, and all were credited with distinguishing hues. No complexion (in the sense of "humour") was, of course, of a "sea-water green" colour. But an ordinary symptom of chlorosis, or the "green sickness," from which young growing girls suffered, was a pale, greenish complexion.

86 *green wit*] There may be a punning reference here to the *green withes* wherewith Delilah bound Samson. Cf. *Judges* xvi, 7, 8.

MOTH. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

ARM. Define, define, well-educated infant.

MOTH. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

ARM. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

MOTH. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

ARM. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

MOTH. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

ARM. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I

106 *King . . . Beggar*] The ballad of King Cophetua's courtship of the beggar-maid figured in Richard Johnson's *The Crown-Garland*, 1612, under the title of "A Song of a Beggar and a King." The piece is included in Percy's *Reliques* (1877), I, 189–194. Shakespeare refers to the story again (*infra*, IV, i, 64 *seq.*); and in *Rom. and Jul.*, II, i, 14. King Cophetua is mentioned in *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 106.

may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

MOTH. [*Aside*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

ARM. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

MOTH. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

ARM. I say, sing.

MOTH. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA

DULL. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

ARM. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.

JAQ. Man.

ARM. I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQ. That 's hereby.

ARM. I know where it is situate.

JAQ. Lord, how wise you are!

ARM. I will tell thee wonders.

JAQ. With that face?

ARM. I love thee.

JAQ. So I heard you say.

ARM. And so, farewell.

JAQ. Fair weather after you!

DULL. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

ARM. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

COST. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

ARM. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

COST. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARM. Take away this villain; shut him up.

MOTH. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

COST. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

MOTH. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

COST. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

MOTH. What shall some see?

COST. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

149 *fast and loose*] A cheating game much practised by gipsies, and sometimes called "pricking at the belt." Separate strips of leather were so arranged on a table as to present the appearance of a belt in a single piece. The player was invited to thrust a skewer into the leather so as to attach it to the table on which it was placed, and bets were laid whether he would make the pretended belt fast or loose. Cf. *infra*, III, i, 97, and *Ant. and Cleop.*, IV, xii, 28. ["She, Like a right gipsy hath *at fast and loose* Beguiled me."]

ARM. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Soloman so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. 174

[*Exit.*

167 *first and second cause*] "Cause" was often used in the technical sense of ground for a challenge to a duel. The various "causes" which were formally recognized by duellists are described in "*Vincentio Saviolo His Practise, in two Bookes. The first intreating of the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of honor and honorable quarrels.*" 1595. Touchstone in *As You Like It*, V, iv, 49, speaks of quarrelling upon "the seventh cause."

ACT SECOND—SCENE I—THE SAME

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants

BOYET

NOW, MADAM, SUMMON up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

PRIN. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

BOYET. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

PRIN. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

[*Exit Boyet.*

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

FIRST LORD. Lord Longaville is one.

PRIN. Know you the man?

MAR. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,

28 *Bold*] Confident.

Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
PRIN. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?
MAR. They say so most that most his humours know.
PRIN. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
KATH. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
ROS. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.

42 *Jaques*] A dissyllable, with the accent on the first syllable: *solemnized* is here a quadrisyllable, with accents on the second and fourth syllables.

57 *Of all . . . loved*] Loved for virtue by all those who have regard for virtue.

Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

PRIN. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

FIRST LORD. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET

PRIN. Now, what admittance, lord?

BOYET. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeeled house.
Here comes Navarre.

69 *begets*] in the sense of "procures"; see note on the dedication of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, "the only *begetter*."

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* ATTENDANTS.

KING. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.
PRIN. "Fair" I give you back again; and "welcome" I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.
KING. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.
PRIN. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.
KING. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
PRIN. Our Lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.
KING. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
PRIN. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
KING. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
PRIN. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
KING. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
PRIN. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

98–99 *will . . . will*] A quibble on two of the varied contemporary meanings of "will," which in line 98 is used synonymously with "free consent," as in "willingly," and in line 99, with the equally common signification of "sensual desire." In line 211 "will" is used in the sense of "strength of will," or resolve. Shakespeare makes abundant play with the word in his *Sonnets*, cxxxv–vi.

BIRON. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
ROS. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
BIRON. I know you did.
ROS. How needless was it, then, to ask the question!
BIRON. You must not be so quick.
ROS. 'T is 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
BIRON. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.
ROS. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
BIRON. What time o' day?
ROS. The hour that fools should ask.
BIRON. Now fair befall your mask!
ROS. Fair fall the face it covers!
BIRON. And send you many lovers!
ROS. Amen, so you be none.
BIRON. Nay, then will I be gone.
KING. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

129 *a hundred thousand crowns*] Hunter first pointed out an authentic incident in fifteenth-century French history which somewhat resembles the negotiation described in this speech. Before his death in 1425, according to Monstrelet's Chronicle, Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered certain lands to Charles VII, King of France, in exchange for certain other lands and the payment of *two hundred thousand crowns*. In the play the hero is the son of the King of Navarre who made this bargain, and he claims the payment in full of the *two hundred thousand crowns*. The princess asserts that the whole debt is already discharged. Shakespeare very liberally adapts the historic episode to his dramatic purpose.

Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

PRIN. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

KING. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

PRIN. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.
KING. Satisfy me so.
BOYET. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
KING. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.
PRIN. Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace!
KING. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[*Exit.*
BIRON. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.
ROS. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.
BIRON. I would you heard it groan
ROS. Is the fool sick?
BIRON. Sick at the heart.
ROS. Alack, let it blood.

BIRON. Would that do it good?
ROS. My physics say "ay."
BIRON. Will you prick 't with your eye?
ROS. No point, with my knife.
BIRON. Now, God save thy life!
ROS. And yours from long living!
BIRON. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*
DUM. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?
BOYET. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.
DUM. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
LONG. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
BOYET. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
LONG. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.
BOYET. She hath but one for herself, to desire that were a shame.
LONG. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
BOYET. Her mother's I have heard.
LONG. God's blessing on your beard!
BOYET. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

189 *No point*] A play on the French negative particle. Cf. Cotgrave, *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, 1611: "*Point*, an adverbe, not, no one jote, by no meanes, in no manner, not at all." Characters speaking broken English on the Elizabethan stage freely used "no point" for "no."

198 *light in the light*] wanton in the light.

LONG. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
BOYET. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Long.*
BIRON. What 's her name in the cap?
BOYET. Rosaline, by good hap.
BIRON. Is she wedded or no? 210
BOYET. To her will, sir, or so.
BIRON. You are welcome, sir: adieu.
BOYET. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Biron.*
MAR. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.
BOYET. And every jest but a word.
PRIN. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
BOYET. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
MAR. Two hot sheeps, marry.
BOYET. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
MAR. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest? 220

211 *To her will*] see note on lines 98–99.

218 *sheeps . . . ships*] "Sheep" in Elizabethan English was pronounced "ship," as it often is in provincial English nowadays; for a like play upon the two words cf. *Two Gent.*, I, i, 72, 73, and *Com. of Errors*, IV, i, 94, 95 (The *Ship* Street of Oxford and of other inland English cities was originally *Sheep* Street). Boyet's query naturally issues from the nautical figure of "grapple" and "board" in his previous remark.

BOYET. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*
MAR. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.
BOYET. Belonging to whom?
MAR. To my fortunes and me.
PRIN. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is abused.
BOYET. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
PRIN. With what? 230
BOYET. With that which we lovers entitle affected.
PRIN. Your reason?
BOYET. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire;
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:

222 *My lips . . . be*] Maria jests carelessly with familiar legal terms — "common," or land in public or common ownership, and "several," or land in private or separate ownership — which the mention of "pasture" suggests. Maria says punningly that her lips are not common land open for everybody to pasture; though they are more than one (*i. e.* several), they constitute a private or separate domain. For the antithesis between "common" and "several," cf. *Sonnet* cxxxvii, 9–10.

235 *like an agate*] Little figures were often carved on agates set in rings or brooches.

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I 'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRIN. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

BOYET. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

ROS. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

MAR. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

237 *all impatient . . . see*] Thoroughly angry at only being able to speak, and at being unable to perform the function of eyes.

245 *margent*] In *Rom. and Jul.*, I, iii, 81–92, a lover's face is likened to a volume with comments "written in the margent of his eyes." The margins of books were often crowded with illustrative quotations.

249 *disposed*] *sc.* to merriment, as *infra*, V, ii, 466. Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 87.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father
is but grim.
BOYET. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
MAR. No.
BOYET. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
BOYET. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD — SCENE I — THE SAME

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH

ARMADO

W ARBLE, CHILD; MAKE passionate my sense of hearing.

MOTH. Concolinel. [*Singing.*

ARM. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

MOTH. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

ARM. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

3 *Concolinel*] Probably the refrain of the song sung by Moth. The sound of the word, coupled with the reference to a *French* brawl at line 7, suggests that the song was French. The word may be a corruption of "quand colinelle." Far-fetched endeavours have been made to identify it with an Irish air, — "Calen o Custure me," — which is frequently mentioned in Elizabethan literature, and is quoted by Pistol in *Hen. V*, IV, iv, 4.

7–8 *a French brawl*] a French dance resembling a cotillon.

MOTH. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note — do you note me? — that most are affected to these

ARM. How hast thou purchased this experience?

MOTH. By my penny of observation.

ARM. But O, — but O, —

MOTH. "The hobby-horse is forgot."

11 *canary*] dance the lively Spanish dance, which owed its name to the belief that it was derived from the aborigines of the Canary Islands.

15 *penthouse-like*] like an overhanging or projecting roof over a shop window.

26 "*The hobby-horse is forgot*"] Doubtless a quotation from a popular song lamenting the decay, under Puritan influence, of May-day or morris dances, in which the "hobby-horse" — a man or boy with a wicker frame resembling a horse's body fastened about his waist — played a prominent part. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 130: "For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot." The phrase is often found in the Elizabethan dramatists.

ARM. Callest thou my love "hobby-horse"?

MOTH. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

ARM. Almost I had.

MOTH. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

ARM. By heart and in heart, boy.

MOTH. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

ARM. What wilt thou prove?

MOTH. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

ARM. I am all these three.

MOTH. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

ARM. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

MOTH. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

ARM. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

MOTH. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

ARM. The way is but short: away!

28–29 *the hobby-horse . . . hackney*] "Hobby-horse" and "hackney" were both terms applied to a woman of loose character. "Colt" is here used in the sense of "lascivious fellow."

MOTH. As swift as lead, sir.

ARM. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

MOTH. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.

ARM. I say lead is slow.

MOTH. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

ARM. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

MOTH. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.* 60

ARM. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD

MOTH. A wonder, master! here 's a Costard broken in a shin.

ARM. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy; begin.

COST. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

67–68 *no salve in the mail*] no curative ointment in the boy's wallet, or pack. The Quartos and First Folio read obscurely *in thee male*, for which the Second Folio substituted *in the male* (*i. e.*, mail, budget, wallet). Malone adopted the reading which is adopted here. Perhaps a simpler change would be *in them all.*

ARM. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

MOTH. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

ARM. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

MOTH. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

ARM. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

MOTH. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

75 *l'envoy a salve*] "Envoy" is the concluding stanza of a ballade or short poem, and often took the form of a propitiatory address to a patron. Here it implies unctuous flattery. There is a quibble on the meaning of *salve*, which stands both for a "curative ointment" and the Latin greeting of welcome and farewell.

78–86] These nine lines are only found in the First Quarto; they are omitted from all the other early editions.

ARM. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

MOTH. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

COST. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

ARM. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

MOTH. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

COST. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

ARM. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

MOTH. I will tell you sensibly.

COST. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:
I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

ARM. We will talk no more of this matter.

COST. Till there be more matter in the shin.

ARM. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

95 *sold him a bargain*] made a fool of him.
97 *fast and loose*] See note *supra*, I, ii, 149.

COST. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

ARM. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

COST. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

ARM. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

MOTH. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

COST. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! [*Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings — remuneration. — "What's the price of this inkle?" — "One penny." — "No, I'll give you a remuneration:" why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON

BIRON. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

128 *Jew*] Probably a colloquial abbreviation of jewel. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, i, 85, "most lovely *Jew*."

133 *French crown*] The slang term for venereal disease, which produced baldness.

COST. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

BIRON. What is a remuneration?

COST. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

BIRON. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

COST. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

BIRON. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COST. When would you have it done, sir?

BIRON. This afternoon.

COST. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

BIRON. Thou knowest not what it is.

COST. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

BIRON. Why, villain, thou must know first.

COST. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

BIRON. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon; go.

[*Giving him a shilling.*

159 *guerdon*] In a tract *A health to the gentlemanly profession of serving men*, by I. M., which was published in 1598, there is the same anecdote of a servant receiving from one patron three farthings, which he calls *remuneration*, and from another patron a shilling, which he calls *guerdon*. The pamphleteer was probably echoing Shakespeare.

COST. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*

BIRON. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting 'paritors: — O my little heart! —
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!

165 *beadle*] A beadle's functions included that of whipping offenders.

174 *plackets . . . codpieces*] men and women, from distinctive features of their attire.

178 *colours . . . hoop*] A tumbler's hoop was ornamented with coloured ribbons.

Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her! 190
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

186 *whitely*] The first Quarto and First Folio read *whitly*, which stands apparently for "whitely," *i. e.*, whitish pale, pasty-faced. The epithet does not seem very appropriate to the dark complexion, with which Biron's lady love is credited. The suggested reading *nightly, i. e.*, witchlike, freakish, nimble, is worth considering.

ACT FOURTH—SCENE I—THE SAME

Enter the PRINCESS, *and her train, a* FORESTER, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* KATHARINE

PRINCESS

WAS THAT THE KING, THAT spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

BOYET. I know not; but I think it was not he.

PRIN. Whoe'er a' was, a' showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

FOR. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 10

10 *stand*] A technical term in hunting for the huntsmen's station or hiding-place in the bushes, from which he takes aim at the quarry.

PRIN. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
FOR. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
PRIN. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
FOR. Yes, madam, fair.
PRIN. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
FOR. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
PRIN. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Cf. *M. Wives*, V, v, 221–222, "I am glad, though you have ta'en a special *stand to strike at me*, that your arrow hath glanced."

BOYET. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

PRIN. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

BOYET. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD

COST. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

PRIN. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

COST. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

PRIN. The thickest and the tallest.

COST. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

PRIN. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?

COST. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

PRIN. O, thy letter, thy letter! he 's a good friend of mine:

36–38 *Do not curst wives . . . lords?*] Do not shrewish wives regard the display of self-control merely as a pretence, as a way of winning the good opinion of onlookers, while they are striving to bring their husbands into subjection?

Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

BOYET. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

PRIN. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

BOYET [*reads*]. By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infal- 60
lible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar, — O base and obscure vulgar! — videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: 70
on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt

56 *capon*] love-letter, in the sense of the French "pullet." Cf. Cotgrave, *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*: "*Pullet*, a chicken, also a love letter or love message." "Break up" was often used in the sense of "carve."

64 *Cophetua*] See note *supra*, I, ii, 106. In the ballad the beggar's name is given as "Penelophon."

thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry, DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

PRIN. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

BOYET. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

PRIN. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

BOYET. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.

92 *a Monarcho*] A half-witted Italian, who frequented Queen Elizabeth's court at this period, was known by this name. Thomas Churchyard in his poetic miscellany, *A pleasaunte Laborinth called Churchyardes Chance* (1596), has a poem, headed "The Phantasticall *Monarkes* Epitaphe," which quaintly describes the man's pompous speech and carriage. According to Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 54, "the Italian whom we call in England *the Monarch*" laboured under the delusion that he owned all the ships arriving in the port of London.

PRIN. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
COST. I told you; my lord.
PRIN. To whom shouldst thou give it?
COST From my lord to my lady.
PRIN. From which lord to which lady?
COST. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.
PRIN. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 't will be thine another day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*
BOYET. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
ROS. Shall I teach you to know?
BOYET. Ay, my continent of beauty.
ROS. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
BOYET. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
ROS. Well, then, I am the shooter.
BOYET. And who is your deer?
ROS. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!
MAR. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

101 *suitor*] All the early copies read *Shooter,* which Steevens first changed to *suitor.* The verbal quips which follow depend on the similarity in pronunciation of these two words.

BOYET. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

BOYET. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

BOYET. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

COST. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

MAR. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

BOYET. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

MAR. Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

COST. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

BOYET. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

125–129 *prick . . . clout . . . pin*] These words all refer to the centre or bull's eye of the target. The "clout" seems to have been a square white mark, kept in position by a "pin" or wooden nail.

COST. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

MAR. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

COST. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

BOYET. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

COST. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' th' one side, — O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shout within.*
[*Exit Costard, running.*

SCENE II — THE SAME

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL

NATH. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

HOL. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood;

3 *in blood*] in perfect condition. Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, IV, ii, 48:

If we be English deer, be then *in blood.*

ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

NATH. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

DULL. 'T was not a haud credo; 't was a pricket.

HOL. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

DULL. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 't was a pricket.

HOL. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

NATH. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;

9 *a buck of the first head*] Here, as in ll. 11, 19, and 46 ("pricket"), ll. 55–59 ("sore"), and ll. 56–58 ("sorel"), allusion is made to the various appellations applied to deer according to their ages. Cf. *The Return from Parnassus*, 1602, ed. Macray, Act II, Sc. v, p. 107: "A Bucke of the first yeare is a fawne; the second yeare, a *Pricket;* the third year, a *Sorell;* the fourth yeare, a *Sore;* the fift, a *Buck of the first head;* the sixt yeare, a compleat Buck."

he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

DULL. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

HOL. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

DULL. What is Dictynna?

NATH. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOL. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

34 *Dictynna*] A name bestowed by Ovid on Diana. Cf. *Metamorphoses*, II, 441, translated by Golding thus: —

"Dictynna garded with her traine and prou'd of killing Deere."

DULL. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

HOL. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

NATH. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

HOL. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

NATH. A rare talent!

DULL. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

HOL. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes,

52 *affect the letter*] employ alliteration.

60 *a rare talent*] A play on the words "talent" and "talon." The latter was often spelt "talent." Cf. Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1595, Sig. F 4: "The Lion without tongue, taile or *talents*."

objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

NATH. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

HOL. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD

JAQ. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

HOL. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

COST. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

HOL. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

JAQ. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

79–80 *Master Parson . . . the one ?*] "Parson" was commonly spelt and pronounced "person." "Pierced" was pronounced "perst"; in New England the surname "Perse" is still pronounced "Pierce." "One" was pronounced "un" or "on."

HOL. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat, — and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his — What, my soul, verses?

NATH. Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOL. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege, domine.

NATH. [*reads*].

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

89–90 *Fauste, precor . . . good old Mantuan*] The Latin words are the opening words of the first of the eclogues of the Latin poet, Baptista Mantuanus (1448–1516). Mantuanus' Latin poetry was popular throughout Europe in the sixteenth century, and his eclogues were widely used as a school book. Shakespeare probably studied them at the grammar school of Stratford-on-Avon. An English translation by George Turberville appeared in 1567, and was reprinted many times.

92–93 *Venetia . . . pretia*] An often quoted Italian proverb ("Venice, Venice, who doth not see thee, doth not value thee"). It appears in James Sandford's *Garden of Pleasure*, 1573, and in John Florio's *First Fruites*, 1578, and in his *Second Frutes*, 1591.

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

HOL. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidious Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

100–113] This sonnet, together with Longaville's sonnet *infra*, IV, iii, 57–70, and Dumain's verses to Katharine in IV, iii, 97–116, are included in Jaggard's poetic miscellany, *The Passionate Pilgrim. By W. Shakespeare*, 1599. They fill respectively the 5th, 3rd, and 16th places in that collection. The promiscuous order in which Jaggard printed these three pieces, coupled with the textual variations, suggest that he did not derive them direct from the printed text of the play, but employed copies which, in accordance with the practice of the time, were circulating in manuscript among collectors of transcripts of contemporary verse. See introduction to Oxford University Press' facsimile of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1905.

121 *tired horse*] Usually explained as "attired with trappings." But from the context and from the use of the word in Sonnet l, 5,

JAQ. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

HOL. I will overglance the superscript: "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: "Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

JAQ. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

COST. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

NATH. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith, — 139

HOL. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

NATH. Marvellous well for the pen.

HOL. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my

"The beast that bears me, *tired* with my woe," one must infer the simple sense that fatigue in the horse sympathetically reflects that of his rider.

140–141 *colourable colours*] plausible pretexts or arguments (of papist, priestly Fathers).

privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

NATH. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

HOL. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — THE SAME

Enter BIRON, *with a paper*

BIRON. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch, — pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye, — by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love:

1–17] The whole of Biron's speech is in the precise vein of the prose style of Lyly's comedies.

2 *a pitch*] A probable allusion to the dark complexion with which Lady Rosaline is credited.

and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

[*Stands aside.*

Enter the KING, *with a paper*

KING. Ay me!

BIRON. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

KING [*reads*].

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside.*
What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.
BIRON. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper*

LONG. Ay me, I am forsworn!
BIRON. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.
KING. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!
BIRON. One drunkard loves another of the name.
LONG. Am I the first that have been perjured so?
BIRON. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.
LONG. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
BIRON. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.

43 *a perjure, wearing papers*] a perjurer, a part of whose punishment was to stand in a public place wearing papers specifying his offence; see *infra*, l. 121. Cf. Hall's *Chronicle*, 59: "He [*i. e.* Cardinal Wolsey] so punyshed periurye with open punyshment & open papers werynge, that in his tyme it was lesse vsed."

49–50 *the corner-cap . . . Tyburn*] the old-fashioned three-cornered hat. The gallows at Tyburn were in the form of a triangle.

55 *slop*] wide-kneed breeches, or loose trousers; Theobald's ingenious emendation for the meaningless *shop* of the early editions.

LONG. This same shall go. [*Reads.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

BIRON. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

LONG. By whom shall I send this? — Company! stay. [*Steps aside.*

BIRON. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,

56–69] See note on IV, ii, 100–113.

70 *liver-vein*] The liver was commonly held to be the seat of the passion of love. Cf. Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden* (1595): "All *liver* am I."

74 *All hid, all hid*] The cry of children playing hide-and-seek.

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper*

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

DUM. O most divine Kate!

BIRON. O most profane coxcomb!

DUM. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

BIRON. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

DUM. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

BIRON. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

DUM. As upright as the cedar.

BIRON. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

DUM. As fair as day.

BIRON. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

DUM. O that I had my wish!

LONG. And I had mine!

KING. And I mine too, good Lord!

BIRON. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

DUM. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

BIRON. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

DUM. Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.

BIRON. Once more I 'll mark how love can vary wit.

77 *More sacks to the mill*] A proverb, being a variant of "More grist to the mill."

DUM. [*reads.*]

On a day — alack the day! —
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

LONG. [*advancing*]. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,

97–116] See note on IV, ii, 100–113.
121 *perjured note*] See note on l. 43, *supra*.

That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.
KING [*advancing*]. Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. [*To Dum.*
What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
BIRON. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. [*Advancing.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

138 *One, her*] Sidney Walker suggested *One's,* a somewhat more intelligible and metrically correct reading.

These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears;
You 'll not be perjured, 't is a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!

KING. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

BIRON. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;

151 *coaches*] reference to the king's sonnet, l. 30, *supra*: "No drop but as a *coach*," etc. The old reading is *couches*.

162 *gnat*] used to convey the notion of insignificance. Cf. *Matthew* xxiii, 24: strain at a *gnat*.

I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—
KING. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?
BIRON. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD

JAQ. God bless the king!
KING. What present hast thou there?
COST. Some certain treason.
KING. What makes treason here?
COST. Nay, it makes nothing, sir,
KING. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
JAQ. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 't was treason, he said.
KING. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*
Where hadst thou it?
JAQ. Of Costard.
KING. Where hadst thou it?
COST. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[*Biron tears the letter.*
KING. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

BIRON. A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

LONG. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.

DUM. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Gathering up the pieces.*

BIRON. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

KING. What?

BIRON. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

DUM. Now the number is even.

BIRON. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?

KING. Hence, sirs; away!

COST. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.

BIRON. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

203 *to make up the mess*] to make up the company of four which constituted the number of persons ordinarily dining at one table at the Inns of Court and at other formal convivial gatherings. Cf. *infra*, V, ii, 361.

210–215 *Sweet . . . forsworn*] Again Biron speaks in the six-line stanza of *Venus and Adonis*, as at I, i, 147–158, *supra*.

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.
KING. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
BIRON. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
KING. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.
BIRON. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

220 *Bows . . . head*] This beautiful image from sun worship is also found in *Sonnet* vii, 1–4:

> "Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
> Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
> Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
> Serving with looks his sacred majesty."

Cf. the reference to "the worshipped sun," *Rom. and Jul.*, I, i, 116–117.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues, —
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 't is the sun that maketh all things shine.
KING. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
BIRON. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
KING. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the school of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
BIRON. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair

249 *black*] The significance of a black complexion is a frequent theme of Renaissance poetry in western Europe. Shakespeare further develops it in his *Sonnets*, cxxvii and cxxxii.

255 *usurping hair*] Shakespeare makes numerous references to the wearing of false hair. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, III, ii, 92, and *Sonnet* lxviii, 5–7:

> "Before the golden tresses of the dead,
> The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
> To live a second life on second head."

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
DUM. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
LONG. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
KING. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.
DUM. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
BIRON. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
KING. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
BIRON. I 'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
KING. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
DUM. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
LONG. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
BIRON. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
DUM. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
KING. But what of this? are we not all in love?
BIRON. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
KING. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
DUM. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
LONG. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
DUM. Some salve for perjury.

BIRON. 'T is more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

292–293 *And where that you . . . book*] This speech was clearly rewritten by Shakespeare after he had first drafted it, and the printed text combines together many revised and unrevised passages. The two lines quoted reappear with slight textual variations in ll. 314–315, *infra*. It will be noticed that the three lines, 295–297 ("For when would you . . . woman's face?") are similarly repeated in lines 316–319 ("For when would you . . . with?"), while ll. 298–300 ("From women's eyes," etc.) are again repeated in ll. 346–349. In each case the lines which figure in the earlier part of speech present the first or unrevised version. Cf. *infra*, V, ii, 805–810 and note.

301 *prisons*] Theobald's emendation of *poysons* in the original editions.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is,
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

318–319 *Such fiery numbers . . . with ?*] Cf. *Sonnet* xvii, 5–6:

"If I could write the *beauty* of your *eyes*
And in fresh *numbers* number all your graces."

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,

332 *the suspicious head of theft*] This seems equivalent to "the head suspicious of theft." The general meaning is that the hearing of the lover is more alert and sharper than that of the owner of treasure who lives in dread of thieves. Speed talks similarly of watching "like one that fears robbing" (*Two Gent.*, II, i, 22).

337 *Hesperides*] In Greek mythology the nymphs, who guard the golden apples in the isles of the blest, are known as the *Hesperides*, being daughters of Hesperus. Here the name is applied to the islands themselves. The transference is common in Elizabethan literature. Cf. Gabriel Harvey, *Pierce's Supererogation*, ed. 1593, p. 167: "The occidental islands of the ocean, called *Hesperides*."

346 *From women's eyes . . . derive*] Cf. *Sonnet* xiv, 9:

"But from thine *eyes* my *knowledge* I *derive*."

That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

KING. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

BIRON. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

LONG. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

KING. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

BIRON. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand

354 *loves all men*] "Loves" is explained by Capell as "is a friend to." Hanmer reads *moves*, which suggests the requisite sense.

365 *get the sun*] An allusion to the archer's anxiety to shoot with the sun at his back instead of in his face.

Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
KING. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.
BIRON. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

379 *Sow'd cockle*] A proverbial expression, implying here that the ladies will be won only if the preliminary measures be adequate.

ACT FIFTH —SCENE I—THE SAME

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, *and* DULL

HOLOFERNES

SATIS QUOD SUFFICIT.

NATH. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

HOL. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain,

9 *Novi hominem tanquam te*] This phrase occurs in Lily's school grammar (1527), a standard educational manual of the day.

ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

NATH. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

HOL. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt, — d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half hauf, neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable, — which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

NATH. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

HOL. Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian a little scratched; 't will serve.

NATH. Videsne quis venit?

HOL. Video, et gaudeo.

21 *abhominable*] This was the common orthography in the sixteenth century, probably from the mistaken notion that the word was derived from "ab homine" and not from "ab omine." Holofernes champions the popular error.

25 *Priscian a little scratched*] These Latin phrases are derived from conversation books frequently used in Elizabethan schools. Cf. *Familiares colloquendi formulae in usum scholarum concinnatae:* "He speaks false Latin, diminuit Prisciani caput. 'Tis barbarous Latin, olet barbariem." The last phrase suggested "I smell false Latin," l. 67, *infra.*

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD

ARM. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

HOL. Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

ARM. Men of peace, well encountered.

HOL. Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

COST. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

MOTH. Peace! the peal begins.

ARM. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

MOTH. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

HOL. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

MOTH. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

HOL. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

MOTH. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

HOL. I will repeat them, — a, e, i, —

MOTH. The sheep: the other two concludes it, — o, u.

38–39 *honorificabilitudinitatibus*] This long word, which is frequently met with in medieval Latin, is cited by Dante in his *De vulgari eloquentia* (1300?) as a word difficult to employ in poetry. Elizabethan writers often employ it derisively. Cf. Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599 (Nashe's Works, ed. McKerrow, Vol. III, p. 176).

ARM. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit, — snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

MOTH. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

HOL. What is the figure? what is the figure?

MOTH. Horns.

HOL. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

MOTH. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa, — a gig of a cuckold's horn.

COST. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

HOL. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

ARM. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

52 *venue*] a thrust in fencing. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Act I, Sc. iv, Bobadill uses the word as synonymous with "stoccata," a more technical term for the fencer's thrust or lunge.

67 *I smell false Latin*] See note on l. 25, *supra*.

ad unguem] Another phrase from Lily's Grammar. Cf. l. 8, *supra*. It is classical Latin, and means "to the nail," "polished." Cf. Hor. Sat. 1. 5. 31–32, "*ad unguem* factus homo."

70 *charge-house*] Affected periphrase for a "school" where the *charge* of youth is undertaken.

HOL. Or mons, the hill.

ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOL. I do, sans question.

ARM. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

HOL. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

ARM. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that

84–85 *remember thy courtesy*] Holofernes having removed his hat is bidden by Armado replace it. He reminds the pedant that to replace one's hat on one's head after raising it satisfies all requirements of courtesy. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, I, ii, 49–51: *Knowell* (to servant). "Pray you *remember your courtesy* . . . nay, *pray be covered.*"

pass. The very all of all is, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance. 101

HOL. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

NATH. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them? 109

HOL. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules, —

102 *Nine Worthies*] According to the tradition of medieval literature, these were three pagans, Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; three Jews, Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus; three Christians, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon. The show actually presented *infra*, at V, ii, 535 *seq.*, includes no more than five worthies, of which three alone belong to the traditional list, namely, Alexander, Judas Maccabæus, and Hector. The other two, Pompey and Hercules, who there accompany them, are without literary authority.

ARM. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

HOL. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

MOTH. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

ARM. For the rest of the Worthies? —

HOL. I will play three myself.

MOTH. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

ARM. Shall I tell you a thing?

HOL. We attend.

ARM. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

HOL. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

DULL. Nor understood none neither, sir.

HOL. Allons! we will employ thee.

DULL. I 'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

HOL. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — THE SAME

Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE *and* MARIA

PRIN. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.

ROS. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

PRIN. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

ROS. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

KATH. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

ROS. You 'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.

KATH. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

12 *gallows*] In Sidney's *Arcadia*, Bk. I, c. 16, p. 165 (1590), Cupid is called a hangman, *i. e.* executioner. Here "gallows" seems used in the same sense. But it has also been interpreted "gallowsbird," which has contemporary authority, and also as "mischievous imp," which is not uncommon in provincial dialect use.

15 *light*] In the quibbles which follow, this word is employed in the varied senses of *without weight, luminous, nimble, frivolous, wanton, merry.*

Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word ?
KATH. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
KATH. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I 'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.
KATH. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.
KATH. You weigh me not ? — O, that 's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason ; for " past cure is still past care."
PRIN. Well bandied both ; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too :
Who sent it ? and what is it ?
Ros. I would you knew :
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great ; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron :
The numbers true ; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground :
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !
PRIN. Any thing like ?
Ros. Much in the letters ; nothing in the praise.
PRIN. Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

22 *taking it in snuff*] The verbal play is on the two meanings of the word " snuff," namely : " candle-ash " and "anger."
29 *bandied . . . set*] terms used in tennis.

KATH. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
ROS. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
KATH. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.
PRIN. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
KATH. Madam, this glove.
PRIN. Did he not send you twain?
KATH. Yes, madam, and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
MAR. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
PRIN. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
MAR. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
PRIN. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
ROS. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times.
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

44 *red . . . letter*] The "dominical" letter used to denote Sundays in old almanacs was printed in red, which was reckoned the colour of gold. Cf. *Macb.*, II, iii, 136, "*golden* blood."
45 *O's*] pockmarks.
61 *in by the week*] hired by the week, in servitude or bondage, enslaved.

And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

PRIN. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

ROS. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

MAR. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

PRIN. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET

BOYET. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where 's her Grace?

PRIN. Thy news, Boyet?

BOYET. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are

67 *perttaunt-like*] This reading of the early editions is puzzling. The most popular emendations are *portent-like* and *potent-like, i. e.* tyrant-like or tyrannically. But neither is satisfactory. There was a verb "pert," "to behave *pertly*, briskly, resolutely"; and it is possible that Shakespeare may have formed from it the adverb "perting-like," *i. e.* pertingly, pertly, briskly. Biron is called "pert" (in the different sense of "saucy") at 272, *infra*.

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you 'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
PRIN. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
BOYET. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak," and "thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."
With that, all laugh'd, and clapped him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, "Via! we will do 't, come what will come;"

The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
PRIN. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
BOYET. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they 'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
PRIN. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

121 *Muscovites or Russians*] The chronicler Hall relates how, at a royal banquet in the first year of Henry VIII (1510), two English courtiers came fancifully arrayed in barbaric richness "after the fashion of Russia or Russland." But in all probability Shakespeare had in mind the more recent appearance of ambassadors from Russia at Queen Elizabeth's court with a view to selecting from Englishwomen a wife for the Tsar. See Introduction.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.
KATH. But in this changing what is your intent?
PRIN. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?
PRIN. No, to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But while 't is spoke each turn away her face.
BOYET. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
PRIN. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
BOYET. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter Blackmoors with music; MOTH; *the* King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked*

MOTH. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth! —
BOYET. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

159 *rich taffeta*] The masks of the ladies were of rich taffeta silk.

MOTH. A holy parcel of the fairest dames
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views!

BIRON. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

MOTH. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! —
Out —

BOYET. True; out indeed.

MOTH. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold —

BIRON. [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.

MOTH. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
—— with your sun-beamed eyes —

BOYET. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it "daughter-beamed eyes."

MOTH. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

BIRON. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!
[*Exit Moth.*

ROS. What would these strangers? know their minds,
Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

BOYET. What would you with the princess?

BIRON. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROS. What would they, say they?

BOYET. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROS. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

BOYET. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

KING. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

BOYET. They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
ROS. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
BOYET. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
BIRON. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
BOYET. She hears herself.
ROS. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
BIRON. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
ROS. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
KING. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.
ROS. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
KING. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.
KING. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she 's changed.
KING. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
KING. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
KING. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends:
Curtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends. 221
KING. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
KING. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
KING. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
KING. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.
KING. I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart.*

227 *Twice to your visor*] She bids a double adieu to his disguise, not wishing to see it again; but only half a farewell to himself, as she has no wish of making the parting permanent.

BIRON. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

PRIN. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

BIRON. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There 's half-a-dozen sweets.

PRIN. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.

BIRON. One word in secret.

PRIN. Let it not be sweet.

BIRON. Thou grievest my gall.

PRIN. Gall! bitter.

BIRON. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*

DUM. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

MAR. Name it.

DUM. Fair lady,—

MAR. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

DUM. Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*

KATH. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

232 *treys*] throws of threes at dice.

233 *Metheglin, wort, and malmsey*] three sweet liquors: metheglin was made from honey; wort was unfermented beer; malmsey a sweet wine originally made in Greece, which Chaucer knew as *malvesie* from the French *malvoisie;* cf. Italian *malvasia.* The word is said to be formed from the name of the modern Greek city Monembasia, a Laconian seaport.

LONG. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
KATH. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
LONG. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.
KATH. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not "veal" a calf?
LONG. A calf, fair lady!
KATH. No, a fair lord calf.
LONG. Let 's part the word.
KATH. No, I 'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
LONG. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
KATH. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
LONG. One word in private with you, ere I die.
KATH. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*
BOYET. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

247 *Veal, quoth the Dutchman*] A joke on the common mispronunciation by Germans of "veal" or "vell" for "well." In the *Wisdom of Doctor Doddypoll*, 1600, a German doctor, who uses the word "veale," which he corrects to "vell," is said by his interlocutor to "make a calf of" him.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

BIRON. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

KING. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

PRIN. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

BOYET. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

PRIN. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

PRIN. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

MAR. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

KATH. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

PRIN. Qualm, perhaps.

KATH. Yes, in good faith.

PRIN. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

263 *dry-beaten*] beaten with blows which bruise but do not draw blood.

281 *statute-caps*] By Statute 13 Eliz. 1571 all, except persons of high

PRIN. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
KATH. And Longaville was for my service born.
MAR. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
BOYET. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
PRIN. Will they return?
BOYET. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
PRIN. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
BOYET. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
PRIN. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
ROS. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised,
Let 's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end

rank, were bound to wear, on Sundays and holidays, thick woollen caps made in England. The text means that better wits may be found among the humbler class of citizens.

296–297 *damask . . . blonm*] The display of the "damasked" (*i. e.* variegated) mingling of red and white in the ladies' features is compared to the appearance of angels when clouds fall from before them, or to that of roses in full bloom. "Vail" means let fall, lower.

Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

BOYET. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

PRIN. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

Re-enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

KING. Fair sir, God save you! Where 's the princess?

BOYET. Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty
Command me any service to her thither?

KING. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

BOYET. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

BIRON. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;

323 *carve*] The word is constantly used of unctuously complimentary phrases or gestures, and is commonly associated with the fantastically elaborate method of carving meat for guests at table by way of showing hospitality. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, iii, 48, where Falstaff says of Ford's wife: "She discourses, she *carves*, she gives the leer of invitation."

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

KING. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

BIRON. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

Re-enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* KATHARINE.

KING. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

PRIN. "Fair" in "all hail" is foul, as I conceive.

KING. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

PRIN. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

KING. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

PRIN. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

340 *"Fair" in "all hail"*] The quibble on "hail" (*i. e.*, storm of hail) reappears in *Two Noble Kinsmen*, III, v; Beaumont and Fletcher's *Faithful Friends*, III, ii; and Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*, ed. Pearson, p. 113.

KING. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
PRIN. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure
As the unsullied lily I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
KING. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
PRIN. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
KING. How, madam! Russians!
PRIN. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
ROS. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

361 *mess*] See note on IV, iii, 203, *supra*.

BIRON. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
ROS. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye, —
BIRON. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
ROS. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
BIRON. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
ROS. All the fool mine?
BIRON. I cannot give you less.
ROS. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
BIRON. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
ROS. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
KING. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
DUM. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
PRIN. Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?
ROS. Help, hold his brows! he'll swound! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
BIRON. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizard to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove, — how white the hand, God knows! —
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench, — so God help me, la! —
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: — bear with me, I am sick;
I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, "Lord have mercy on us" on those three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,

409 *blown*] Used as in "fly blown" of infected meat.
416 *Sans sans*] Without sans, *i. e.* avoid French phrases.
419 "*Lord have mercy on us*"] These words were placarded on houses of which inmates were stricken by the plague.

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
PRIN. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
BIRON. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
ROS. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
BIRON. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
ROS. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
BIRON. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.
KING. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
PRIN. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?
KING. Madam, I was.
PRIN. And were you well advised;
KING. I was, fair madam.
PRIN. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
KING. That more than all the world I did respect her.
PRIN. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
KING. Upon mine honour, no.
PRIN. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
KING. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
PRIN. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,

423 *Lord's tokens*] plague spots. There is a pun here on the gifts given by the lords to the ladies.
440 *force not*] do not mind or hesitate, make no matter.

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
PRIN. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
KING. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
KING. My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
PRIN. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
BIRON. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,

465 *in years*] into years, old age. Laughter was commonly said to bring on wrinkles prematurely. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, i, 80: "With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."
466 *disposed*] *sc.* to merriment. See note *supra*, II, i, 249.

The ladies did change favours ; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is : and might not you [*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
You put our page out : go, you are allow'd ;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you ? there 's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
BOYET. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
BIRON. Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace ! I have done.

Enter COSTARD

Welcome, pure wit ! thou part'st a fair fray.
COST. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
BIRON. What, are there but three ?
COST. No, sir ; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
BIRON. And three times thrice is nine.

468 *change favours*] exchange masks.

474 *squier*] square, rule. He knows the length of his lady's foot, he knows how to humour her.

475 *laugh . . . eye*] laugh responsively to the slightest movement of her eye.

COST. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir, —

BIRON. Is not nine.

COST. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

BIRON. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

COST. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

BIRON. How much is it?

COST. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

BIRON. Art thou one of the Worthies?

COST. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

BIRON. Go, bid them prepare.

COST. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

KING. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

490 *beg us*] apply for the guardianship of us, as if we were imbeciles incapable of taking care of ourselves and our property.

501 *parfect*] The clown, absorbed by anxiety to be perfect in his part, uses the word "parfect" when he means to say "present," and mispronounces Pompey; "Pompion" is a word meaning pumpkin.

BIRON. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.
KING. I say they shall not come.
PRIN. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
BIRON. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO

ARM. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

PRIN. Doth this man serve God?
BIRON. Why ask you?
PRIN. He speaks not like a man of God's making.
ARM. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*

513–518 The princess means that that sport pleases best where the actors are least skilful, and where their over-anxiety to please kills the true import of the performance, and has the unintended effect of provoking mirth. A more sympathetic sentiment is expressed by Theseus and Hippolyta in *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 81–105, where Bottom and his incompetent allies, following the example of Holofernes and his friends, give a dramatic performance at court.

KING. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

BIRON. There is five in the first show.

KING. You are deceived; 't is not so.

BIRON. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

KING. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, *for Pompey*

COST. I Pompey am,—

BOYET. You lie, you are not he.

COST. I Pompey am,—

BOYET. With libbard's head on knee.

BIRON. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

COST. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

DUM. The Great.

COST. It is, "Great," sir:—

535] See note on V, i, 102, *supra*.

540 *Abate throw at novum*] "Novum," or more properly "Novem Quinque," was a game at dice, in which throws of nine or five were essential to victory. "Abate" here means "omit" or "bar." Biron says in effect, "bar a throw (of the *five*) at the game of novem quinque," and one will not find a more fortunate quintet.

Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

PRIN. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

COST. 'T is not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in "Great."

BIRON. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, *for Alexander*

NATH. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander, —

BOYET. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

BIRON. Your nose smells "no" in this, most tender-smelling knight.

PRIN. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

NATH. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander, —

561–562 *Your nose says, . . . knight*] Plutarch, in his life of Alexander, which Shakespeare read in North's translation, points out, like Biron, that the hero's head was fixed obliquely on his shoulders, and that his body exhaled a sweet savour.

BOYET. Most true, 't is right; you were so, Alisander.

BIRON. Pompey the Great, —

COST. Your servant, and Costard.

BIRON. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

COST. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeared to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, — alas, you see how 't is, — a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies acoming will speak their mind in some other sort.

PRIN. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *for Judas; and* MOTH *for Hercules*

HOL. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Moth retires.*

Judas I am, —

572 *Ajax*] a punning quibble on "a jakes."

DUM. A Judas!

HOL. Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

DUM. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

BIRON. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

HOL. Judas I am,—

DUM. The more shame for you, Judas.

HOL. What mean you, sir?

BOYET. To make Judas hang himself.

HOL. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

BIRON. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

HOL. I will not be put out of countenance.

BIRON. Because thou hast no face.

HOL. What is this?

BOYET. A cittern-head.

DUM. The head of a bodkin.

BIRON. A Death's face in a ring.

LONG. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

BOYET. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

DUM. The carved-bone face on a flask.

BIRON. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

DUM. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

BIRON. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

603 *cittern-head*] the grotesquely carved head which often figured at the end of the keyboard of a cithern or guitar.

HOL. You have put me out of countenance.
BIRON. False: we have given thee faces.
HOL. But you have out-faced them all.
BIRON. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
BOYET. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
DUM. For the latter end of his name.
BIRON. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—
Jud-as, away!
HOL. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
BOYET. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*
PRIN. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *for Hector*

BIRON. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.
DUM. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
KING. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.
BOYET. But is this Hector?
KING. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.
LONG. His leg is too big for Hector's.
DUM. More calf, certain.
BOYET. No; he is best indued in the small.
BIRON. This cannot be Hector.
DUM. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
ARM. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—

DUM. A gilt nutmeg.
BIRON. A lemon.
LONG. Stuck with cloves.
DUM. No, cloven.
ARM. Peace! —

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower, —

DUM. That mint.
LONG. That columbine.
ARM. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
LONG. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
DUM. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
ARM. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.
PRIN. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
ARM. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.
BOYET. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.
DUM. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.
ARM. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal, —
COST. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
ARM. What meanest thou?

COST. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 't is yours.

ARM. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

COST. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

DUM. Most rare Pompey!

BOYET. Renowned Pompey!

BIRON. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

DUM. Hector trembles.

BIRON. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

DUM. Hector will challenge him.

BIRON. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

ARM. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

COST. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

DUM. Room for the incensed Worthies!

COST. I 'll do it in my shirt.

DUM. Most resolute Pompey!

MOTH. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

682 *pole*] a quarterstaff, about six feet in length, and tipped with iron, in the difficult use of which the Northern peasantry held a high reputation.

688 *take you a button-hole lower*] take you down a peg.

Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

ARM. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

DUM. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

ARM. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

BIRON. What reason have you for 't?

ARM. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

BOYET. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I 'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE

MER. God save you, Madam!

PRIN. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MER. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father —

PRIN. Dead, for my life!

MER. Even so; my tale is told.

BIRON. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

ARM. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I

698 *woolward*] wearing only woollen instead of linen garments. Lodge in *Wits Miserie*, 1596 (Hunterian Club, p. 63), and Rowland's *Letting of Humours Blood*, 1600, Satyre 5, both describe in like phrase a fashionable loafer, who, when "his shirt 's a washing," "must *go woolward* for a time."

have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

KING. How fares your majesty ?

PRIN. Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

KING. Madam, not so ; I do beseech you, stay.

PRIN. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours ; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath : your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord !
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue :
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

KING. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed ;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate :
And though the mourning brow of progeny

728–731 *The extreme . . . arbitrate*] The meaning seems to be, "When little time remains, events fall out at the last minute, so as to make the available time quite sufficient for the pending purpose, and at the very last moment things get finished off with a readiness that the long and regular processes of business could not allow." "At his very loose" means at the very moment of losing or parting, at the eleventh hour; it may be a metaphor from the letting loose of the arrow in archery shooting.

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
PRIN. I understand you not: my griefs are double.
BIRON. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, —
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

740 *double*] This is the original reading. *Dull* is often substituted. The princess probably means that she has more griefs than her father's death to occupy her. She possibly regrets her recent frivolity while her father lay dying.

751 *strange*] Capell's emendation for the original *straying*.

Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both, — fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

PRIN. We have received your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

DUM. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

LONG. So did our looks.

ROS. We did not quote them so.

KING. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

PRIN. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this: —
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

777 *world-without-end*] This epithet, doubtless derived from the liturgy, is used by Shakespeare once again — in *Sonnet* lvii, 5.

Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

KING. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

BIRON. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

805–810] These six lines, which Theobald put between brackets, were omitted by many subsequent editors. They present the first bald draft of lines 825–859, which Shakespeare alone intended to retain in the revised version of the piece. It is clear that they are redundant. Cf. *supra*, IV, iii, 292–293 and note.

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?
Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.
Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I 'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute

That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

BIRON. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

ROS. Why, that 's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

BIRON. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I 'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

PRIN. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my Lord; and so I take my leave.

KING. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

BIRON. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

KING. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.

BIRON. That's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO

ARM. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me, —

PRIN. Was not that Hector?

DUM. The worthy knight of Troy.

ARM. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

KING. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

ARM. Holla! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG

SPRING. When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw,

900 *the shepherd blows his nail*] Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, II, v, 3: "the *shepherd blowing of his nail.*"

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

ARM. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way, — we this way. [*Exeunt.*

912 *roasted crabs*] roasted crab apples. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 47:

"And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a *roasted crab.*"

916 *keel*] Cf. Marston's *What you will* (1607): "Faith, Dorsicus, my brain boils. *Keel* it, *keel* it, or all the fat 's in the fire," *i. e.* stir, skim, or pour in something cold in order to prevent the pot from boiling over.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY J. WALTER WEST

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON ix

TEXT OF THE PLAY 1

INTRODUCTION



FTER Nature had conceived and brought forth the suzerain of all poetical kings, came Chance and the Genius of Blunder to preside over the birth of the printed text. The malignity of these two powerful foes, however, was relaxed in favour of a few plays. Of these "The Merchant of Venice" was certainly one. The first edition was a quarto published in 1600. This was followed in the same year by another quarto. Between them and the text of the first folio the differences are not sufficiently important to detain us here. That the play existed in 1598 is clear from its figuring in the "Palladis Tamia" of Francis Meres. How much of the plot, and how much of the central idea of a play are invented by a dramatist are not, by any means, such un-

important questions as many Shakespearean critics are in the habit of assuming. For, as the present writer has remarked in a treatise upon poetry, "an artist's power of thought is properly shown, not in the direct enunciation of ideas, but in mastery over *motif*." Whether Shakespeare could or could not have invented plots in the same way that Ben Jonson invented plots, or in the same way that Victor Hugo invented the plot of "Le Roi s'Amuse," we have but little means of guessing, for, with the exception of "The Tempest," there is, perhaps, no play of his that shows that he ever tried to do so. As a successful caterer for the public taste he knew that his clients wanted dramatic renderings of familiar plots. He gave them what they wanted, and in doing this brought into play, and developed to perfection, a dramatic faculty above that of any other poet. But it is surely wrong to say that if he had invented all the superb stories (the common property of the legendary lore of the world) which he turned into superb plays, his genius would not have appeared more gigantic than it even now appears. Although it is matter of familiar knowledge, however, that no part of the plot of "The Merchant of Venice" was invented by him, this fact does not prevent certain German critics from writing long treatises upon the plot of the play — treatises in which the mere story is discussed as though it were a great symbolical invention of Shakespeare's charged with profound generalisations on "the spirit of the law," "the letter of the law," and other subjects equally interesting to the frequenters of the old Blackfriars and Globe theatres. Like all wild tales of

this kind — tales conceived not by allegorising philosophers, but by a popular imagination with wide wings and no feet, — the story of the bond came from the East. I fail myself to see, as some do, its connection with the story in the "Mahábhárata" of the trial of King Usinára. But there is another Eastern story — a story told in a Persian manuscript (first brought forward in England in 1793), which is really the story of Shylock's bond, except that the Jew's cruelty is inspired by lust instead of revenge. As, however, the lost leaves at the beginning and the end of the MS. have never been found, the age of this Persian story remains still uncertain. The first appearance of "The Bond Story" in European literature seems to have been in the "Gesta Romanorum." In English it first appeared in a translation of the "Cursor Mundi," made towards the end of the thirteenth century, but first published by the admirable "Early English Text Society" about a quarter of a century ago. In it the prototype of Shylock appears, but not that of Portia. Afterwards came the first English translation of the "Gesta Romanorum," which gives us the Jew but not the Belmont lady. It was, however, from the story in the "Pecorone," a fourteenth century collection of stories, by Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, that the full plot of "The Merchant of Venice" was taken. Here the Ansaldo of the Italian story evidently suggested the Antonio of Shakespeare. The Jew of this story is a mere money-lender, having no personal animosity against the borrower, and the forfeiture of the pound of Ansaldo's flesh is inserted by the Jew in the bond, not to "feed fat any ancient grudge,"

but apparently to give the lender a free hand for usurious exaction in case the principal should, by chance, remain unpaid at the Feast of St. John. As to Shakespeare's own share in the plot it is even doubtful whether the original blending of the story of the bond with the old story of the caskets was his, for the allusion in Stephen Gosson's "School of Abuse" to the double plot of a play called "The Jew," acted at "The Bull Inn," seems to show that so early as 1579 these two stories had been blended in one play. As to the old ballad of "Gernutus," there is no need to touch upon it here, for, whether it preceded or succeeded "The Jew" mentioned by Gosson, no critic can doubt that "The Bond Story" was an extremely familiar one in England when "The Merchant of Venice" was produced, and this is the all-important fact to consider in the present study of this play.

In discussing dramas whose dramatic action moves in fairyland, like "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or plays like "As You Like It," where the action moves in a world of pure fancy, the word "improbable" is, of course, out of place. But a very different kind of play is "The Merchant of Venice," inasmuch as it has the real world for scene. Its main situation of a man signing a bond, the forfeiture of which is the loss of a pound of flesh to be cut from his own bosom, — a situation which even in the Italian story, where the impulse is that of a childless old man's boundless affection for an adopted son, is improbable enough, and it is improbable enough in the Persian story, where the impulse is that of a poverty-stricken Mussulman eager

to save from starvation his beloved and beautiful wife. But in Shakespeare's play it becomes more improbable still. Perhaps it may be said, indeed, that of all the Shakespearean dramas "The Merchant of Venice" is the most notable for improbability of *idée mère* and improbability of incident. And yet the unhesitating way in which Shakespeare grapples with the extravagant theme shows the confidence he felt in his power of breathing into any plot, howsoever wild, the breath of dramatic life. Fancy such a story (though commanding as it does the authority of popular legend), being handled by any other dramatist than Shakespeare! But he whose imagination, blowing upon the soul of man as the wind blows upon the Eolian harp, striking an answering music that comes to his touch alone, felt that he could make his audience forget even such improbabilities as these. No doubt it may be said that the minds of Elizabethan playgoers were steeped in stories more or less improbable. And no doubt it may be said that, as regarded the imaginative belief they accorded to a play, those playgoers were deeply influenced by considerations as to whether the story embodied by it was invented by the dramatist, or whether it came to him clothed with the authority of historic chronicle or of familiar tradition. And no doubt it may be said that, just as in old Athens it was always considered that, a dramatist's function being to give a dramatic rendering to familiarly known stories, his dramatic imaginings, moving within a ring of recognised decrees of Fate, must needs be sheltered from incredulous criticism as

to the probability of the incidents governed by those decrees, so in England in the time of Shakespeare, when the dramatist went to legendary lore or chronicle lore for his story, the plot was sheltered by the authority of tradition which took the place of the obsolete authority of Fate's awards. And no doubt it may be said that when Ben Jonson boasted of having a kind of special gift of inventing plots, he intended to imply that the ἀπάτη sought by him in his new plots was entirely different from the ἀπάτη sought by those whose plots were old. Still, it must be said that a play like "The Merchant of Venice," in which real men and women — men and women as full of life as any of those that figure in "Much Ado about Nothing" or "Henry IV" — move in a web of improbabilities such as make the adventures of Oberon, Titania, and "Bully" Bottom in the "wood near Athens" seem almost ordinary, stands by itself even in Elizabethan drama. The same canons of criticism could not be applied to this play that are applied to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" or "The Tempest" because the location of the story is in no haunted wood, in no enchanted isle, but in a city that was as familiar to the English imagination then as it is now. "Every Man in His Humour" is not more firmly fixed in real London than this play is fixed in real Venice — this play where the bond round which the entire dramatic action revolves was signed by a man of affairs — signed by him, not because he was impelled thereto by love of an adopted son, as in the story in "Il Pecorone," or love of a lovely wife in need, as in the story of the Persian MS.,

but merely in order to enable a spendthrift friend to go on spending — merely in order to enable a bankrupt Venetian "man about town" to retrieve his fortunes by marrying an heiress. Even had the bond been given to a Venetian and a Christian — a fellow merchant on the Rialto — the inadequacy of the cause of such a compact would have been grotesque enough, as any weaker dramatist than Shakespeare would only too soon have made us see. But it is to a Jew — it is to a member of one of those proscribed races of Europe which must needs cherish hatred towards the proscribing communities among whom they dwell — that Antonio gives the bond. More, it is to a known personal enemy of his that this amazing merchant thus binds himself "in a merry sport" — an enemy who, before even the bond was signed, had done his very best to proclaim his "merry sport" by exhibiting his hatred of the merchant — a hatred that was special and implacable. Even had there been some pretence on the part of Bassanio (who is simply the Giannetto of the Italian story, but more mean) that by entering into this compact Antonio would be succouring a friend devoured by the love-passion, the improbability of the situation would have been startling, but, perhaps, not quite so startling as it is now. In the Italian story Bassanio's prototype, Giannetto, is deeply in love with the Belmont lady: indeed his love for her is the very *vis matrix* of the dramatic movement, inasmuch as it impels him to countenance his foster-father's running the monstrous risk of binding himself to the Jew. But nothing that could possibly by any stretch of language be called

love, unadulterated by meaner impulses, is brought forward by the man for whose behoof the bond is given in "The Merchant of Venice." Indeed from the lips of a man who knew what the word love means, Bassanio's dawdling talk about love for the "richly left" lady, no genuine words of love could ever have fallen. And this story is worked out by incidents to match the improbable *motif* — such, for instance, as a Jew daring to play the part Shylock plays, even had he been for a moment suffered by the Christians of Venice to attempt to play it — daring to push his way with knife and scales through a Venetian mob in order to cut and weigh the flesh of a Venetian patrician in a Christian court of law. And then the law-court itself — this law-court where a girl disguised as an advocate — (disguised so effectually that although she does not, like the Belmont lady in the Italian story, stain her face, the husband who has just left her recognises neither her face nor her voice) acts and speaks at one moment as an advocate, at another as a judge — this law court of dreamland is supposed to flourish in a city so famous as Venice — a city looming so largely in the eyes of Englishmen. Now, seeing that the appeal of every work of dramatic art must be not merely to the soul of man, but also to the dry light of his intelligence — seeing that it must finally be accepted by the *Verstand* as well as by the *Vernunft*, — seeing, in a word, that it must be based upon what may, for convenience, be called "dramatic logic," what kind of criticism did Elizabethan audiences apply to this play? There was, we may be sure, as much criticism of drama

then as now — perhaps more — only it was oral, not written. It was expressed by "the understanding gentlemen of the ground," as Ben Jonson calls the "groundlings"; it was expressed by the critics and wits from their shilling stools on the stage; it was expressed over cups of flowing sack at the "Mermaid" and the "Falcon." Here we come to a very interesting point that we must glance at before passing on. Dramatic logic is and must be of two kinds. Just as the dramatists of Greece felt that if the incidents of any drama, howsoever strange and even improbable, had the authenticity of legend, or of Fate's award, these incidents could not be challenged, — just as Æschylus and Sophocles felt that the only dramatic logic required in such a drama was the logic of truthful characterisation — the logic of a true psychology, — so the workers of the great period of English drama all felt with regard to a play founded upon received tradition, even though its incidents were as improbable as those of "The Merchant of Venice." Authenticity of legendary incident being granted, the dramatist's entire attention was focused upon another kind of authenticity — the authenticity of the rendering through true characterisation of the circumstances — circumstances that, as they were marshalled by legend, were acknowledged to be beyond challenge. Only when a dramatist invented his plot was he expected to justify the logical authenticity of the circumstances. Every spectator whom "The Merchant of Venice" enthralled on the occasion when it was first produced knew well enough that Shakespeare was not answerable for the im-

probability of the story — knew well enough that, long before it had been worked upon by him, or by the writer, whoever he was, of the earlier drama acted at "The Bull," this story of the bond and the Jew's pound of flesh had won the saving sanction of legendary authority. All that the audience asked was that the situations of this well-known tale, howsoever wild they might be found to be when challenged by reason, should be realised by the dramatist with as much truth of characterisation as though the story and the incidents were unimpeachable by the challenge of common-sense. It seems necessary to make these preliminary remarks before dealing with the characterisation in "The Merchant of Venice."

But even yet there is something to say before the characters in this drama can be adequately discussed. For in order fully to appraise the characterisation in any play, a very important thing to consider is the kind of theatric structure to which the play belongs. Shakespeare had no idea of drama save as acting drama. To him a play was first and foremost a structure, either a closely built structure or a loosely built one. To him all characters in all plays were divisible into those where the structure allows the characters to exhibit themselves untrammelled, or but slightly trammelled, by conditions of plot, and those whom the structure compels to act largely and speak largely in order to carry on the story. In what the present writer on a previous occasion called flexible drama, including the loose-woven comedy and the chronicle play, there is a freedom which gives

room for a large amount of characterisation not demanded by the action. In this kind of drama the painter of character, disporting himself at his own sweet will, without giving much attention to the action, is enabled to give us delineations of Falstaff, of Jacques, of Malvolio, of Bobadil, such as are only less elaborate and free than are the characters in prose fiction as it was represented in Shakespeare's time by the "Bachelor's Banquet" of Dekker. Of this kind of character-painting no one was so great a master as Shakespeare. But at the same time no man knew better than he that even in flexible drama the proper definition of the word "play" is still "a story told by action and dialogue." And this is one cause of the immense superiority of his flexible dramatic work to that of Ben Jonson. But there is another kind of drama of which Shakespeare was equally a master, the drama where the *peripeteia* is so powerful and so important — where the expectance of the audience is from the first so keen that elaborate and deliberate characterisation is out of place — out of place because it cools the imagination of the spectator, makes him feel that the dramatist himself is, as mere story teller, losing his interest in the climax of his own story. Now, of this latter kind of drama "The Merchant of Venice" is the very type. As regards any play in which a striking and absorbing *peripeteia* is kept constantly in sight, it is pertinent to ask, "How many characters here are of necessity plot-ridden? — and which are they?" In the case of "The Merchant of Venice" the answer is, "All are more or less plot-ridden but one — Shylock." Almost as untram-

melled by plot as Hamlet himself is Shakespeare's wonderful Jew.

About the other characters in the play we have not room to say much. Yet a word or two must be said about Antonio and that "sadness" of his which he and his friends are at so much pains to bring prominently into notice as soon as the play begins. In the fancy-land of "As You Like It" we do not expect the melancholy of Jacques to have anything to do with the plot, but it is quite otherwise with the melancholy of Antonio in this play.

"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad,"

he begins by saying. But the student of Shakespeare never doubts the cause of that sadness. Inasmuch as this kind of descriptive character painting properly belongs to flexible drama — to loose comedies and chronicle plays — and not to plays like "The Merchant of Venice," the student of Shakespeare asks at once why Antonio's sadness is here introduced with such emphasis by a great master of stage-craft except for some purposes of plot. Although at first sight this sadness may seem not to be needed for moving on the mechanism of the story, the dramatic student knows that it will soon be found working very vigorously towards that end, for the work is the work of Shakespeare. He expects that in the theatric mechanism about to unfold itself, these characteristics (which are so pronounced as to be actual idiosyncrasies) have some special and peculiar function or they would not be introduced in a play of this kind. He expects, in a word,

that the melancholy of Antonio so elaborately dwelt upon in the opening lines of a play like this — a play with a *vis matrix* so powerful — would not be introduced by a great master of theatric means and ends save for the purpose of the plot. And when he remembers that the dramatist is Shakespeare, he never doubts that the sadness is an indication that the merchant is going to be a plot-ridden character upon whom the protagonist is to act. For it is one of the specialities of Shakespeare's art that in order to understand the character of the protagonist and his springs of action you must also understand the other characters upon whom his energies are to exert themselves. It is this, indeed, which knits Shakespeare's dramatic world into one web — it is this which makes that web immortal. For instance, when Macbeth stood before Duncan's chamber door, had his design been merely to stab one of the sleeping grooms, that air-drawn dagger of his would have seemed out of place, out of proportion in the tragic situation.

And consider the colossal character of the protagonist in "The Merchant of Venice" — this Jew, panting for revenge, turned into a fearless, raging wolf by the abduction, and (to him) prostitution of his only child whose love he prized even more than the stolen ducats. Suppose that the merchant upon whom he was to act had been of the same light strain as Gratiano, as Lorenzo, as Bassanio, or even as Portia, what worthy and adequate material would there have been for the tremendous worker of the tragic mischief to work upon? If Antonio, the victim of Shylock's rage, were like these airy Venetian

patricians, would not the Jew's mighty malice have lost half its effect? In such a case, would it not have appeared that the semi-tragic intensity of the dramatic action had been set a-working in order to break upon a wheel one of the feckless butterflies of pleasure-loving Venice? The fact, then, seems to be that Shakespeare felt that another serious character besides Shylock was needed — imperatively demanded — to give the proper importance to the protagonist Shylock himself. He felt that the Jew's figure was too tragic to be sent alone into this playful country of comedy where the language was that of badinage, the atmosphere that of the dalliance and amusement of Belmont's moonlit banks. Hence the merchant is sad by compulsion of plot. And in delineating that sadness, there seems to have been nothing left to the dramatist but to treat him as he might have been treated in flexible drama or in a prose sketch by Dekker, delineate him in a leisurely way as a melancholy man and set the characters talking about his sadness — delineate him thus for the reason that an ordinary light-hearted Venetian would not have made a sufficiently important anvil for Shylock's tremendous hammer to fall upon. It has seemed necessary to discuss the questions rather fully, because many explanations of this sadness, all very profound and all very superfluous, have been advanced and are still being advanced by critics, each one showing that criticism may be too acute and too profound for Truth, may sound with too heavy and pretentious a plummet her well. If we will only leave subtleties and consider those simple laws of cause and effect in dramatic

art which alone seem to have occupied Shakespeare's mind when at work upon a play, we shall not go far wrong. Some have actually asked whether Antonio's sadness was not a premonition of the dangers and troubles in store for him, forgetting that such a premonition must have prevented his signing that bond, if nothing else did.

And if the mainspring of the play — the terrible revenge of the Jew — compelled Antonio to be plot-ridden, what about the other characters? What about Portia, Fanny Kemble's beloved Portia — Portia whom our great actress, Ellen Terry, has made a living personality for all English-speaking peoples of our time? Is she a plot-ridden character too? Not entirely plot-ridden, perhaps, yet in many ways so trammelled that even she is too often found acting and speaking for no other purpose than to carry on the story. Even she does not always show that freedom and *abandon* of nature which makes Desdemona, Ophelia, Cordelia, Imogen, living women — more living than most of the women surrounding us in real life. Fascinating as is the sweet lady of Belmont, in whom we seem sometimes to get a foretaste of many another sweet lady since born into the world of imagination, even she is weighted as regards thorough characterisation by heavy conditions of plot — the heaviest of all being that she has to marry Bassanio in order that the comedy, which had already become too serious, should end with the marriage bells. Although Antonio speaks of his friend as standing ever "within the eye of honour," we must needs ask, Can a man really marry

a girl because she is "richly left" and yet be a fit lover for a heroine — and such a heroine as in her essence is Portia? The selfishness of Bassanio's prototype, Giannetto, towards Ansaldo in "Il Pecorone" was as nothing when compared with Bassanio's selfishness in letting his friend enter into such a bond in order to marry a girl because she is "richly left." Giannetto, in the Italian story, as we have seen, really loved "the lady of Belmont," and might have been — perhaps was, — a gentleman. His selfishness had, at least, the sacred sanction of a burning passion.

As regards those worldly-wise apothegms, after the manner of Polonius, in which Portia delights, they give us no insight into her character — they are so little dramatic, indeed, that it is difficult to distinguish them from the worldly-wise sayings of her companion Nerissa. There seems to be no dramatic distinction whatever between Portia's apothegm, "The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree," and Nerissa's two sayings that "They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing"; "Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer."

Shylock, then, seems to be the one character in this play who acts and speaks, in the main, untrammelled by the chains of plot. Upon Shakespeare's delineation of this character an entire book might be written. In a treatise on poetry in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" the present writer ventured to divide dramatic imagination into two

kinds. One he called absolute dramatic vision because it seems to be unconditioned by the personal or lyrical impulse of the poet. The other he called relative dramatic vision because it shows itself to be more or less conditioned by the poet's personal or lyrical impulse. When the former of these two kinds of vision is at work we get such perfect truth of dramatic representation that the dramatist's personality may be said to disappear. The "divinity" which Iamblichus speaks of seems to "seize for the time the soul" of the dramatist, "and guide it as he will." Various poems and other imaginative writings were on that occasion indicated, such as "The Iliad," "The Oresteia," "The Volsunga Saga," and especially certain plays of Shakespeare's, where instances are to be found of both absolute and relative dramatic vision. Although there is a deal in the body of Shakespeare's work where only relative dramatic vision is to be found, this is because in rendering the dramatic scenes, not even his marvellous forces are always aroused to the full focus, and because when they are not so aroused, even he is unable to conquer the lyrical or egoistical impulse, or else unable to conquer the anti-dramatic suggestions of the legendary or historic substance upon which he is at work. But the moment his forces are so aroused and focused, as in the great passages in Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth, then "the divinity seizes for the time his soul and guides it as he will." On these happy occasions the character that he is creating insists upon speaking for himself, whether his creator wills it or not, and regardless of the web of plot in which he is moving.

Now let us for a few minutes subject "The Merchant of Venice," as regards Shylock, to this test. It will be interesting.

His first appearance is as the Jew of the popular imagination — the Jew as Marlowe might have painted him. But, as the play goes on the character seems to be struggling with his creator, and at last conquers him, seems to tear through the web of the plot and speak for himself. At the opening of the play it is evident that when Shakespeare set to work upon some old play, probably "The Jew" at "The Bull," his feeling about Shylock was not very distinguishable from Marlowe's feeling about Barabas. At first, before his imagination is thoroughly aroused, it is dominated by reminiscences either of Barabas or of some other Jew in some earlier play.

> "How like a fawning publican he looks!
> I hate him for he is a Christian."

To say this is not to impeach Shakespeare's goodness of heart — not to impeach his moral nature. To us in these days it seems, no doubt, that among all the spectacles of human wickedness, malignity, and folly which have been making "the angels weep" for ages upon ages, the most ghastly of all, the most humiliating of all, and yet the most grotesque of all is that long record of the persecution of the Jews the monstrous scripture of which is traced in the past by the idiot fingers of Superstition in letters of blood and fire. To us, no doubt, it seems that, grievous as were the wrongs of Europe's other *races maudites*, the crowning martyrs of man's cruelty, folly,

and wickedness were Shylock's brethren — the race, that is, from whose loins sprang He whom their crazy persecutors called — even while they heaped the fagots for the *auto-da-fe* — "The Saviour of the World." But we must remember that, although to the honour of our country History must declare that England's cruelty to the Jews was less hideous than that of any other country in Europe, it was still, in Shakespeare's time, hideous beyond words — shameful beyond words. Scarcely any atrocity was so great that it would not be charged against a Jew — scarcely any cruelty would be considered excessive as a punishment for the crime of being a Jew. "A man is more like the age in which he lives than he is like his own father and mother," says the Chinese aphorism, and it would be surprising, indeed, if we were to find even Shakespeare to be uninfluenced by the wicked folly of anti-semitism which was in the very air he breathed. The popular idea of a Jew in England was still the idea of Marlowe. The Jew, as he represented antichrist and all that was hostile to human kind, had no rights at all. Shakespeare was influenced by these prejudices when he sat down to write "The Merchant of Venice" as every line in the opening of the play shows. But mark the Nemesis which comes to him who allows personal bias to cripple the wings of his imagination! In consequence of this anti-semitism Shakespeare makes mistakes in the opening scenes — mistakes which show a failure of vision such as he could never have made had he given full play to his imagination and allowed himself to live for the time being in the character he was

delineating. Whenever this bias of the period declares itself in the play we get a failure in dramatic vision. Before his imagination had free play, — before the "divinity" had seized his soul and bent it to his will, he gives us relative vision only. Let one instance of this suffice. It is made evident that the idea of utilising the loan as a means of revenge flashed across the mind of Shylock the moment that the bondman's name was suggested by Bassanio. This being so, the last thing that so wary a dealer as he would do would be to let the proposed borrowers know his murderous feelings about Antonio. He would wait until he should get them well into his net, for these borrowers were no children, as he well knew; they were accomplished men of the world — one of them a successful and therefore an acute merchant on the Rialto. But the absolute vision of his creator is not yet awake. Consequently this is what Shylock is made to say to the borrowers (or rather this is what he is made to yell to them in a frenzy of passion, if we are to believe the actors who take this part) —

> "You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
> And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
> Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
> What should I say to you? Should I not say
> 'Hath a dog money? is it possible
> A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
> Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
> With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
> Say this, —

'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys'?"

Unless these words were intended to be uttered in the pretended playful way which might possibly come to so subtle a mind as Shylock's before proposing the bond "in sport" they seem to be so extremely undramatic as uttered at such a moment that, were it not for Antonio's reply we might be almost inclined to suspect that Shakespeare originally wrote them to be muttered aside. We feel that Bassanio and Antonio, not being idiots, could not have believed the bond to be given "in a merry sport," and up to this point we refuse to give the dramatist our entire imaginative belief. But whatever Shakespeare might have intended when he began to delineate Shylock he ended by almost making him the representative of a great race wronged. Not that the spectator sees less clearly than he saw before the cruelty of Shylock's yearning for the pound of his enemy's flesh; but by that instinct of universal sympathy which in Shakespeare, when his imagination is fully aroused, seems sometimes unconscious and involuntary, he made the spectator at the same time see and understand another cruelty — a cruelty greater than Shylock's own — that of the race to which his persecuting bondman belonged. And as the dramatic action goes on, the marvellous imagination of the dramatist becomes more and more aroused as scene after scene comes up in which the wrongs done to Shylock by his Christian foes accumulate.

And why is Jessica made such an impossible Jewess? Why is this daughter of a race with whom filial affection is a religion — this representative of Jewish girls in whose mouths the words "old man and old woman" are not words of contemptuous tolerance, as with the girls of the Gentiles, but words of honour and reverence, — why is she painted as a burglarious young ingrate who lacks all feeling of filial affection, whose callousness for her living father is equalled by her callousness for the memory of her dead mother? It is because the dramatist has subtle uses for her that he makes her the most plot-ridden character of the entire play. She forsakes her father and the religion of her race in order that Shylock's awful malice may be, if not justified, at least explained. When we hear her say to her abductor, as she hands him the stolen ducats, —

> "I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
> With some mo' ducats, and be with you straight,"

and when afterwards we hear Venice ring with gibes at Shylock because he is so wronged, so forsaken and so lonely, — when we hear how

> "All the boys in Venice follow him,
> Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats!"

we sympathise with him even while we rejoice to see his vengeance frustrated. From this point there are in the play no more failures of vision as regards Shylock. The Jew makes us feel as we would have felt had we been that wronged father. By the very ring of the words, in

his great invective in the third act we are captured, our reason is made to stand convinced.

"He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

And when the news is forced upon the old man that his beloved child is so lost to all womanliness as to have bartered her dead mother's turquoise for a monkey, and we hear the father's pitiful exclamation, —

"Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys;" —

then at last the triumph of the rageful Jew is complete, — the creature of the poet's own genius has conquered the poet. "When I saw this play at Drury Lane," says Heine, speaking of Kean's impersonation, "there stood behind me in the box a pale fair Briton, who at the end

of the fourth act fell a-weeping passionately, several times exclaiming, 'The poor man is wronged!'"

Although "The Merchant of Venice," then, for the reasons given above, does not as a whole rank among Shakespeare's great dramas, it is made by Shylock as important as any one of the greatest in aiding us to gauge the range of the dramatist's sympathetic vision. Not more surely does Hamlet show us the unique intelligence of Shakespeare trying in vain to solve the insoluble problem of the universe — not more surely does Othello show the same intelligence confronting the direst of all the soul's conflicts, when

> "To be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain,"

than "The Merchant of Venice" shows that same intelligence confronting another spectacle as wonderful as these — the spectacle of the human race immeshed — strangled in the web of racial and social sophisms which it has been weaving for itself ever since civilisation began. Had this play never been written — were there no Shylock in the varied roll of Shakespearean characters, the sweep of the "oceanic mind" could not have been revealed to us as fully as now it stands revealed.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

The Duke of Venice.
The Prince of Morocco, } suitors to Portia.
The Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, a merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.
Salanio, }
Salarino, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
Gratiano, }
Salerio,[2] }
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a rich Jew.
Tubal, a Jew, his friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, the clown, servant to Shylock.
Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.
Balthasar, } servants to Portia.
Stephano, }
Portia, a rich heiress.
Nerissa, her waiting-maid.
Jessica, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

Scene — *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent*

[1] Dramatis Personæ] This play was originally printed separately in quarto in 1600, when two editions appeared. The second edition was reprinted in the collective First Folio of 1623. A third issue, in quarto, of 1637, introduced a list of "dramatis personæ," omissions in which have been supplied by later editors. The quartos do not divide the play into either acts or scenes. The First Folio indicates the acts only. Nicholas Rowe in 1709 first indicated the scenes.

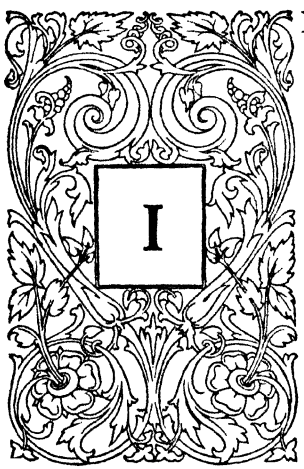
[2] *Salerio*] See note on III, ii, 221, *infra*.

ACT FIRST — SCENE I — VENICE

A STREET

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO

ANTONIO



IN SOOTH, I KNOW NOT
why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALAR. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,

11 *pageants*] An allusion to the huge, towering machines in the shape of castles, dragons, giants, and the like, which formed part of ancient shows, and were drawn on ceremonial occasions through the streets.

Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
SALAN. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?

29 *kiss her burial*] touch her burial place, sink.

But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
ANT. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
SALAR. Why, then you are in love.
ANT. Fie, fie!
SALAR. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 't were as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO

SALAN. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
SALAR. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

49 *laugh, and leap*] Cf. *Sonnet* xcviii, 4: "That heavy Saturn *laugh'd and leap'd* with him."

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords.
BASS. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
SALAR. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
LOR. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
BASS. I will not fail you.
GRA. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
GRA. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

67 *You grow exceeding strange*] You are become quite strangers.
74 *respect upon the world*] worldly care, anxiety.
78 *A stage . . . part*] This familiar figure Shakespeare developed most completely in the well-known passage in *As you like it*, II, vii, 139–166: "All the world 's a stage."

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks, —
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

84 *cut in alabaster*] an effigy on an alabaster tomb.

89 *Do cream . . . pond*] Acquire the cream-like mantle or coating which gathers on a stagnant pool.

90–92 *And do a wilful stillness entertain . . . conceit*] And maintain an obstinate silence with a view to acquiring a reputation for wisdom, gravity, and deep thought.

98–99 *damn . . . fools*] a reference to the Scriptural admonition, "Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hellfire," *Matt.* v, 22.

101 *melancholy bait*] bait of melancholy.

Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LOR. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRA. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

ANT. Is that any thing now?

BASS. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

ANT. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

BASS. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care

110 *gear*] stuff, business, used colloquially in a contemptuous sense. Here *for this gear* seems equivalent to "after this idle talk." The expression is repeated in II, ii, 152, *infra*, in the sense "for this sort of business."

Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASS. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;

141 *of the self-same flight*] of the same capacity of flight. Cf. Ascham's *Toxophilus* (ed. Arber, p. 131): "You must have divers shafts *of one flight*."

And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.
BASS. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!
ANT. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;

160 *prest*] ready. French, *prêt*. Cotgrave's *French-English Dictionary* gives the French word as "prest" and includes the identical word among its English synonyms. The word is found only once elsewhere in Shakespeare's plays — in *Pericles*, Act IV, Prol. 45.

161 *richly left*] left well off, an heiress.

175 *such thrift*] such thriving, good success. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 70: "Where *thrift* may follow fawning."

Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — BELMONT

A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA

POR. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NER. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NER. They would be better, if well followed.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were

SCENE II. Of this scene *Two Gent.*, Act I, Scene ii, seems to form the rough draft.

9 *sentences*] maxims (Latin, *sententiae*). Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, i, 10–11: "A *sentence* is but a cheveril glove to a good wit."

good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

NER. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, — whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, — will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

POR. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

21–22 *will . . . will*] Shakespeare rarely misses an opportunity of punning on the word "will." For the present form of the jest cf. *M. Wives*, III, iv, 58: "What is your *will?*" On the various developments of the pun in Shakespeare, see Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*, Appendix VIII, "The 'Will' Sonnets," 5th edition, pp. 432 *seq.*

34 *level at*] aim at, guess at.

NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NER. Then there is the County Palatine.

POR. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "if you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NER. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

POR. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! — why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a

40 *the County Palatine*] The rank of Count Palatine, which dated from the Roman Empire, was held by many great landed proprietors in various parts of middle and eastern Europe, though it was commonly held to belong exclusively to the Pfalzgraf or Count Palatine of the Rhine. Here, as elsewhere in this scene, Shakespeare is doubtlessly making playful allusion to distinguished foreigners who had lately visited England. In 1583 a Polish nobleman, Albert Alasco, Count Palatine of Seradia, spent much time in the country, and attracted much popular attention.

43–44 *weeping philosopher*] An allusion to the Greek philosopher, Heraclitus, who is usually contrasted with Democritus, "the laughing philosopher."

better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NER. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

POR. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

NER. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

POR. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

NER. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

73 *sealed under*] A legal expression implying that the bond or surety was entered into vicariously, in behalf of some other person who was responsible. Similar phraseology appears in *Sonnet* cxxxiv, 7, 8. "Your single bond" (cf. I, iii, 140, *infra*) is a bond of a more stringent kind which allow no devolution of responsibility.

POR. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

POR. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

POR. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

95 *Sibylla*] An obvious reference to the story of Sibylla, the Cumæan Sibyl, in Ovid, *Met.*, XIV, 130 *seq.*, where Apollo promises her as many years of life as the grains of sand she holds in her hand. Cf. *Othello*, III, iv, 70–71.

NER. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

POR. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

NER. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man

How now! what news? 109

SERV. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.* 120

109 *The four strangers*] Portia has already described the suitors who are about to take leave of her as six in number. "*Four*," which is repeated in line 115, is either a misprint for *six*, or this passage may present an unrevised relic of a first draft of the play.

SCENE III — VENICE

A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK

SHY. Three thousand ducats; well.

BASS. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHY. For three months; well.

BASS. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHY. Antonio shall become bound; well.

BASS. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

SHY. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS. Your answer to that.

SHY. Antonio is a good man.

BASS. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I un-

1 *Three thousand ducats*] "Ducat" was the name of a Venetian coin cast both in gold and silver. The gold ducat was worth about ten shillings, and the silver ducat under five shillings. Like other Elizabethan writers, Shakespeare seems to use the term here to mean a coin of great value without attaching to it a very precise value. As the old in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni, the Jew's loan is ten thousand ducats of gold "Double ducats," twice single ducats, were also coin in common use at Venice i, 19, *infra*.

derstand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

BASS. Be assured you may.

SHY. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASS. If it please you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO

BASS. This is Signior Antonio.

SHY. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

18 *Rialto*] Cf. Florio's *Italian Dict.*: "An eminent place in Venice, where the Marchants comm meete, as on the Exchange at London." The famous bric Venice, called after the Exchange, Ponte di Rialto, wa until 1591.

30 *Nazarite*] a native of Nazaret rly translations of the Bible. Cf. *Matt.*, ii, 23, where the 11 substitutes "Nazarene." In the Old Testament "N exclusively applied to persons who have vowed to f y simple mode of life, and in no way connected wi Nazareth.

I hate him for he is a Christian ;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him !

BASS. Shylock, do you hear ?

SHY. I am debating of my present store ;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft ! how many months
Do you desire ? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior ;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I 'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would ?

SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANT. And for three months.

excess] interest, that which when the loan is repaid is in excess of the sum lent.

SHY. I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
ANT. I do never use it.
SHY. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep, —
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third, —
ANT. And what of him? did he take interest?
SHY. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of Autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
ANT. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.

66 *seq.*] Shakespeare here paraphrases and interprets on original lines the passage from *Genesis*, xxx, 37 *seq.*

Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
ANT. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
SHY. Three thousand ducats; 't is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—
ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;

104 *shrug*] Cf. Marlowe's earlier description of Barabas in *The Jew of Malta*, II, iii, 23–24:

"I learned in Florence how to kiss the hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog."

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this, —
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys"?
ANT. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.
SHY. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.
BASS. This were kindness.
SHY. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there

Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
ANT. Content, i' faith : I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
BASS. You shall not seal to such a bond for me :
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.
ANT. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
SHY. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

140 *single bond*] a bond involving one person exclusively ; an engagement, responsibility for which cannot be devolved on another ; a bond that cannot be sealed under" by another. See note on I, ii, 73, *supra*.

ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
ANT. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock.*
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
BASS. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
ANT. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND—SCENE I—BELMONT

A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and others attending*

MOROCCO



MISLIKE ME NOT FOR my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime

Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
POR. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
MOR. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice

25–26 *Sophy . . . Solyman*] The "Sophy" was a title commonly bestowed on the Shah or Emperor of Persia. Solyman the Magnificent, the greatest of the sultans of the Ottoman Empire, was defeated in an attack on Persia in 1535.

32 *Lichas*] The servant of Hercules who unwittingly brought him the poisoned shirt of Nessus, which caused the hero's death. The story is told in Ovid, *Met.*, IX, 155 *seq.* Ovid calls Hercules indif-

Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

POR. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

MOR. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

POR. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

MOR. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II — VENICE

A STREET

Enter LAUNCELOT

LAUN. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow,

ferently by this name and that of Alcides, as in line 35, *infra*, and in III. ii. 55.

35 *page*] Theobald's correction of the old reading *rage*, which might possibly make sense.

1 *will serve*] The context seems to require "will not serve," "will forbid." See lines 5–8, *infra*. The original reading implies that "will" is employed in the emphatic and coercive sense of "must," "is bound to."

and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," — or rather an honest woman's son; — for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; — well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly

7–8 *scorn running with thy heels*] scorn counsel of flight with every gesture of contempt, like a young horse kicking or shying at every object which moves its dislike. Cf. *Much Ado*, III, iv, 43–44: "Illegitimate construction! I *scorn that with my heels*."

counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket*

GOB. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

GOB. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOB. By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

LAUN. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOB. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

31 *sand-blind, high-gravel blind*] In the exuberance of his wit Launcelot duplicates synonyms for "purblind." With "sand-blind" and "gravel-blind" cf. "stone-blind," which was in common use for "completely blind." "High," in "high-gravel blind," is employed as an intensitive.

LAUN. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

GOB. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

LAUN. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOB. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

LAUN. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUN. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

GOB. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father?

GOB. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, at the length, truth will out.

GOB. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about

it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOB. I cannot think you are my son.

LAUN. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

GOB. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

LAUN. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

GOB. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

LAUN. Well, well: but, for my own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to

85 *what a beard, etc.*] According to stage tradition, Launcelot kneels down with his back towards old Gobbo, who, touching the hair of his son's head, mistakes it for a beard.

him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO *and other followers*

BASS. You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*

LAUN. To him, father.

GOB. God bless your worship!

BASS. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

GOB. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

LAUN. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, — as my father shall specify, —

GOB. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve —

LAUN. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, — as my father shall specify, —

GOB. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins, —

LAUN. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, — as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you, —

GOB. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is, —

LAUN. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

BASS. One speak for both. What would you?
LAUN. Serve you, sir.
GOB. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.
BASS. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.
LAUN. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.
BASS. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.
LAUN. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book,

137–138 *the grace of God*] The old English proverb ran, "The grace of God is better than riches." In Scotland it took the shape, "God's grace is gear enough."

142 *More guarded*] Better trimmed, ornamented with more lace or gold braid, which usually edged a garment and "guarded" it from fraying.

145 *table*] The speaker is here looking at the palm of his hand, which in palmistry was technically known as the "table."

which doth offer . . . book] which gives positive assurance. To "swear upon a book" is to take an oath of the most binding force.

I shall have good fortune. Go to, here 's a simple line of life: here 's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! a 'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.* 154

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

LEON. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO

GRA. Where is your master?

LEON. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

GRA. Signior Bassanio, — 160

BASS. Gratiano!

GRA. I have a suit to you.

BASS. You have obtain'd it.

GRA. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

BASS. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,

152 *for this gear*] See note on I, i, 110, *supra.*

And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

GRA. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say "amen;"
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BASS. Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRA. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

BASS. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.

GRA. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

181 *sad ostent*] serious aspect or demeanor.

SCENE III — THE SAME

A ROOM IN SHYLOCK'S HOUSE

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT

JES. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

LAUN. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

JES. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*

10 *exhibit my tongue*] show what my tongue ought to express. The suggestion that Launcelot is here committing a verbal blunder, "exhibit" for "prohibit" or "inhibit," seems unnecessary.

11 *did not play*] This reading of the Second Folio has been generally adopted, and gives the meaning that Launcelot doubts Shylock to be Jessica's father. "Get" is very frequently used in the sense of "beget." The reading of the Quartos and First Folio "*do* not play," credits Launcelot with the hope that a Christian will steal Jessica away and marry her. The emendation "did" gives a more pointed sense.

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV — THE SAME

A STREET

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO

LOR. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

GRA. We have not made good preparation.

SALAR. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

SALAN. 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

LOR. 'T is now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT *with a letter*

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?

LAUN. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

LOR. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand;

6 *quaintly order'd*] ingeniously, cleverly arranged.

And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
GRA. Love-news, in faith.
LAUN. By your leave, sir.
LOR. Whither goest thou?
LAUN. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
LOR. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
SALAR. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.
SALAN. And so will I.
LOR. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
SALAR. 'T is good we do so. [*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*
GRA. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
LOR. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V — THE SAME

BEFORE SHYLOCK'S HOUSE

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT

SHY. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio: —
What, Jessica! — thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me: — What, Jessica! —
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out; —
Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUN. Why, Jessica!

SHY. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA

JES. Call you? what is your will?

SHY. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUN. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

SHY. So do I his.

LAUN. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was

not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

SHY. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

LAUN. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

28–29 *Lock up . . . fife*] Cf. Horace, *Odes*, III, 7, 29, 30:

"Prima nocte domum claude, neque in vias
Sub cantu querulae despice tibiae."

The "wry-neck'd fife," called by the Italians "cornetto curvo," was a small flute with bent mouthpiece.

35 *Jacob's staff*] A reference to the words of Jacob in *Genesis* xxxii, 10: "For *with my staff* I passed over this Jordan." But the term was in common usage for "pilgrim's staff," a staff being one of the emblems of St. James (Jacobus), the patron saint of pilgrims.

42 *Jewess'*] Pope's emendation for the original reading *Jew's*, in order

SHY. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
JES. His words were, "Farewell, mistress;" nothing else.
SHY. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
JES. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI—THE SAME

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued*

GRA. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.
SALAR. His hour is almost past.
GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

to obtain the meaning "worth a Jewess' attention." But the change is not absolutely necessary. "Worth a Jew's eye" was a common expression for "of great price or value." Launcelot may be merely paying Lorenzo an extravagant compliment. "Jew's" might well be pronounced as a dissyllable.

SALAR. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
GRA. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!
SALAR. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO

LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who 's within?

7 *To keep . . . unforfeited*] To keep unbroken a compulsory obligation.
10–11 *the horse . . . measures*] A reference to a horse trained in the riding school to take deliberately measured steps, which he is wont to retrace with spiritless reluctance.

Enter JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes*

JES. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.
LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.
JES. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
LOR. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
JES. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
LOR. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
JES. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.
LOR. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;

42 *light*] Shakespeare's fondness for quibbling with this word is twice again illustrated in this play. Cf. III, ii, 91, and V, i, 129, *infra*.

45 *garnish*] outfit or dress. In this sense the noun is rarely used. It commonly means the ornament or trimming of a dress. Cf. III, v, 60, *infra*.

For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit above.*
GRA. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
LOR. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below*

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter ANTONIO

ANT. Who's there?
GRA. Signior Antonio!
ANT. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

51 *by my hood*] An expletive objurgation, which may have originally been employed by hooded monks or friars. Cf. Chaucer, *Troylus*, V, 1151: "I commende hire wisdom *by myn hod*." Heywood, *Proverbs*, 84: "Onely for both I wed not, *by my hood*."

GRA. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII — BELMONT

A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and their trains*

POR. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.

MOR. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give, — for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

26 *by thy estimation*] by the reputation which you enjoy.
30 *disabling*] depreciation, disparagement.
41 *Hyrcanian deserts*] wild tracts to the southeast of the Caspian Sea where tigers were reputed to abound. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii, 444, "th' Hyrcanian beast," and *3 Hen. VI*, I, iv, 155, "tigers of Hyrcania."

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

POR. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

MOR. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I 'll read the writing. [*Reads.*

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.

51 *rib her cerecloth*] enclose, encircle (like ribs) her winding sheet.

56 *angel*] A gold coin worth about ten shillings, on one side of which was stamped in high relief a figure of the archangel Michael.

69 *tombs*] Dr. Johnson's admirable emendation for *timber*, the misreading of the earlier editions. Cf. *Sonnet* ci, 11, "a gilded *tomb*."

Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*

POR. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII — VENICE

A STREET

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO

SALAR. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

SALAN. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALAR. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SALAN. I never heard a passion so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

SALAR. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

SALAN. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

SALAR. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

SALAN. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so;

19 *double ducats*] See note on I, iii, 1, *supra*.

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
SALAN. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
SALAR. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX — BELMONT

A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE

Enter NERISSA *and a* Servitor

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

52 *embraced heaviness*] sorrow to which he has voluntarily submitted. Cf. III, ii, 109, *infra*: "rash-*embraced* despair."

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains*

POR. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

AR. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

POR. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

AR. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire! that "many" may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,

28 *martlet*] Used here for the "house martin," but more properly the swift. Cf. *Macb.*, I, vi, 4: "The temple-haunting *martlet*."

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

46 *How much low peasantry*] How much vulgarity or boorishness would then be detected in those succeeding to high office by hereditary right.

48 *chaff and ruin*] the refuse, or residuum.

POR. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

AR. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

POR. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

AR. What is here?

[*Reads*]
The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

POR. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
NER. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
POR. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant

SERV. Where is my lady?
POR. Here: what would my lord?
SERV. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
POR. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
NER. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

98 *high-day wit*] holiday, cheerful wit. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, ii, 59: "He speaks *holiday*."

ACT THIRD—SCENE I—VENICE

A STREET

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO

SALANIO

NOW, WHAT NEWS ON the Rialto?

SALAR. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

SALAN. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third

9 *knapped ginger*] In Cotgrave's *French-English Dictionary*, "gnaw" and "nibble off" are given as synonyms of "knap," under the French word "ronger." A taste for ginger was commonly held

husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

SALAR. Come, the full stop.

SALAN. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SALAR. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SALAN. Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

SHY. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALAR. That 's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SALAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damned for it.

SALAR. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SALAN. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

SHY. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

at the time to be characteristic of old women. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, IV, iii, 6: "marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead."

SALAR. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

SALAR. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

SHY. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will

51 *affections, passions*] See note on IV, i, 50, *infra*.

resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant

SERV. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

SALAR. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL

SALAN. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salan., Salar., and Servant.*

SHY. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHY. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!

59 *humility*] humanity, benevolence, kindness, not "humbleness." Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, iii, 345: "And plant in tyrants mild *humility*."

No news of them? Why, so: — and I know not what 's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

SHY. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God! Is 't true, is 't true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHY. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

TUB. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

SHY. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

TUB. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHY. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him; I 'll torture him: I am glad of it.

TUB. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was

my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUB. But Antonio is certainly undone. 107

SHY. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — BELMONT

ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants

POR. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well, —
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, —
I would detain you here some month or two

105 *I had it of Leah*] Shylock's sudden reminiscence of his dead wife Leah is a dramatic touch of singular vividness, and a very remarkable illustration of Shakespeare's humanity.

8 *a maiden . . . thought*] a maiden is restrained by modesty from giving expression to her love, and must only cherish it in thought.

Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASS. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

POR. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

20–21 *Prove it so . . . not I*] If it should prove (that you are denied possession of me), I trust that fortune shall suffer for her perversity; I deserve no punishment.

23 *eke*] Johnson's correct reading for *ich* of the First Folio. The first Quarto gives *ech*, and the second Quarto *ech*.

BASS. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.
POR. Well then, confess and live.
BASS. "Confess," and "love,"
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
POR. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

55 *young Alcides*] Ovid tells the story, in *Metamorphoses*, XI, 199 *seq.*, how Hercules rescued from the sea monster the Trojan maiden, Hesione, who had been sacrificed to free the town of Troy from pestilence, not for love of her, but on condition of receiving a gift of horses, from the girl's father, Laomedon.

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself*

SONG

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I 'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

ALL. Ding, dong, bell.

BASS. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,

91 *lightest*] See note on II, vi, 42, *supra.*

95 *a second head*] The common practice of wearing false hair or hair cut from the heads of corpses is constantly denounced by Shakespeare and contemporaries. Cf. *Sonnet* lxviii, 5–7:

> "Before the golden tresses of the dead,
> The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
> To live a second life on *second head.*"

99 *Indian beauty*] This reading of the original text has been needlessly suspected. None of the many suggested emendations carries conviction. The context suggests that Shakespeare employs the words *Indian beauty* with the ironical significance of extreme ugliness. He often makes like reference to "an Ethiope" when he wishes to convey the impression of repulsive aspect. Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, iii, 268: "And *Ethiopes* of their sweet complexion crack." It is worth noting that Montaigne, *Essais*, II, 12 (Vol. III, p. 90, in

The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

POR. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

BASS. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?

Le Clerc's French edition), when arguing that beauty in men and women had no fixed or absolute quality and that what one race deems to be beautiful another declares to be ugly, especially instances the Indian notion of beauty, which he describes as "black and swarthy, with swollen lips, and flattened and large nose, whence hang great rings of gold." Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essais* was not published till 1603, and if the coincidence with Montaigne's argument be more than accident, Shakespeare must have read the French writer in the original.

109 *rash-embraced despair*] See note on II, viii, 52, *supra*.

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes, —
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;

As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
POR. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be treble twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,

162 *happier than this*] To complete the metre Capell adds the words *in that*. But it seems preferable to accept the reading of the Second and later Folios: *happier then in this*.

Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.
BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not expréss'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio 's dead!
NER. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!
GRA. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.
BASS. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
GRA. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.

200 *for intermission*] With this punctuation *intermission*, which is not uncommon in the sense of pause, rest, relief from occupation,

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

POR. Is this true, Nerissa?

NER. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

BASS. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRA. Yes, faith, my lord.

BASS. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

GRA. We 'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

NER. What, and stake down?

GRA. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

must mean here "pastime," "the want of something to do." Theobald placed a colon after *loved*, and, removing the full stop after *intermission*, made the sentence run thus: "*for intermission* (*i. e.* since delay, procrastination) *No more pertains*," etc.

221 *Salerio*] This character has not appeared before. Some editors assume that the spelling of the name is a printer's error, and that Gratiano's "old Venetian friend" is rightly either Salanio or Salerino, who both appear with him on the stage in Act I, Sc. i,

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice*

BASS. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
POR. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.
LOR. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
SALER. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*
BASS. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
SALER. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
GRA. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what 's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

and one of whom, Salerino, is his companion in Act II, Sc. vi, Rowe read *Salanio*, and Capell *Salerino*. But Salerio seems (from the context) entitled to rank as an independent character.

241 *royal merchant*] This term, which is again applied to Antonio, IV, i, 29, *infra*, was, according to Warburton, specifically allotted to

I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
SALER. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
POR. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
BASS. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you

the Venetian merchants who enjoyed a license from the Republic to occupy and govern islands in the Greek Archipelago on the sole condition of acknowledging the suzerainty of the Republic. But it may well be that the epithet "royal" has no more recondite significance than that of "great" or "magnificent," as in *Tempest*, V, i, 237, "Our *royal*, good, and gallant ship," and *Tim. of Ath.*, III, vi, 49, "*royal* cheer."

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SALER. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

JES. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,

If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
POR. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
BASS. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
POR. What sum owes he the Jew?
BASS. For me three thousand ducats.
POR. What, no more? 300
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along. 310
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

BASS. [*reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all

debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

POR. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
BASS. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — VENICE

A STREET

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* GAOLER

SHY. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Goaler, look to him.
ANT. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
SHY. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
ANT. I pray thee, hear me speak.
SHY. I 'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*
SALAR. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
ANT. Let him alone:
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
SALAR. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
ANT. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:

26–29 *The Duke . . . state*] The punctuation and grammatical construction of these lines are difficult. Capell proposed to regularize the construction by substituting a comma for the colon after *law* (26), and a colon for the comma after *Venice* (28), as well as by reading *'Twill* for *Will* at the beginning of line 29. The general sense is: "The Duke cannot deny the course of law, because of the advantage (*i. e.* commodity) of equal liberties and privileges which strangers in Venice always enjoy. If that advantage be withheld, the credit of the state for justice would be impaired, seeing that all nations contribute to the city's trade and profit." Abundant testimony is given by Elizabethan visitors to Venice of the width of her foreign trade and the impartiality of her administration.

These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV — BELMONT

A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHASAR

LOR. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
POR. I never did repent for doing good, 10
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,

7 *lover*] This word is habitually applied by Elizabethan writers to a man's male friend. Cf. 17, *infra*.

Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

LOR. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

POR. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

LOR. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JES. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

POR. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry

49 *Padua*] Theobald's obviously correct emendation of the old reading *Mantua*.

52 *with imagined speed*] with all imaginable speed. For a like use of the passive participle, cf. *Rich. III*, I, iv, 27: "unvalued [*i.e.* invaluable] jewels." It is less reasonable to make *imagined speed* equivalent to "speed of the imagination," as in *Hen. V*, Prol. 1, "with *imagined* wings."

53 *tranect*] This word, which is found in all the early texts, is met with nowhere else. If it be accepted, it must be regarded as an invention of Shakespeare, who, familiar with "connect," may have imagined that there was a corresponding Latin verb "trans-nectere," or "tra-nectere," which could at need supply a substantive meaning "a place provided with means of crossing a waterway." It is doubtful if *tranect* can be connected with the Italian "tranare," to draw, and there is no other Italian word with which it can be associated. Rowe preferred to substitute *traject*. This word has been held to be an anglicised form of the Italian "traghetto" or "traghetti," which, according to the contemporary English travellers Coryat and Moryson, was technically applied to the ferries of Venice, where gondolas waited for hire. Florio, in his *Ital.-Eng. Dict.* explains "traghetto" as "a ferrie;" the Italian word is derived from the Latin "trajectus." The word "traject" is not found in Elizabethan literature, and though it has greater philological justification than "tranect," it has less textual authority.

Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
BALTH. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
POR. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
NER. Shall they see us?
POR. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

72 *I could not do withal*] I could not help it; a common phrase in contemporary authors.

NER. Why, shall we turn to men?
POR. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V—THE SAME

A GARDEN

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA

LAUN. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter; therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

JES. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LAUN. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

JES. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUN. Truly then I fear you are damned both by

3 *I fear you*] I fear for you.
4 *agitation*] A clownish blunder for "cogitation."

father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

JES. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

LAUN. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO

JES. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

LOR. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JES. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

LOR. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth

14–15 *Scylla . . . Charybdis*] This proverb, which is very common in Elizabethan authors, seems to have been the invention of a twelfth-century Latin poet, Philippe Gualtier de Chatillon, whose Latin epic *Alexandreis* includes the line:

"Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

LAUN. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

LOR. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUN. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

LOR. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUN. That is done too, sir; only "cover" is the word.

LOR. Will you cover, then, sir?

LAUN. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUN. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

LOR. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know

45 *cover*] The clown quibbles on the use of the word "cover" in the two senses of laying the table and wearing one's hat.

A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?
JES. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
LOR. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.
JES. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
LOR. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

60–61 *Garnish'd . . . matter*] Dressed, or arrayed like him, who for the sake of scoring a sportive verbal quip make no serious attempt to deal with the matter in hand.

68 *mean it*] Capell here gives *mean* the unusual sense of "observe the mean," "enjoy one's blessings moderately." Pope reads *merit it*. There is little doubt that *mean* is the right reading in the sense of "intend (to find the joys of heaven)," or "aim at (finding them)." Mr. Gollancz quotes in the Temple Shakespeare George Herbert's *The Church Porch*, stanza 56:

"Shoots higher much than he that *means* (*sc.* to shoot at) a tree."

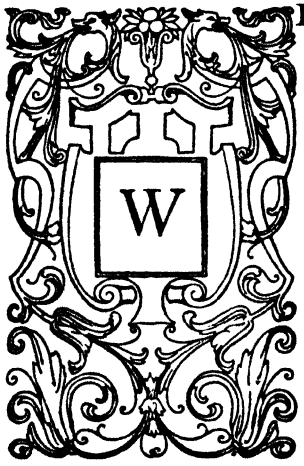
JES. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.
LOR. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
JES. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH—SCENE I—VENICE

A COURT OF JUSTICE

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, *and others*

DUKE



HAT, IS ANTONIO HERE?

ANT. Ready, so please your Grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANT. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,

The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALER. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 't is thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

29 *royal merchant*] See note on III, ii, 241, *supra*.

You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:

47 *gaping pig*] a pig prepared for the table with a lemon in its mouth. Cf. Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, II, ii: "They stand *gaping like a roasted pig.*"

49 *when the bagpipe sings*] J. C. Scaliger, in his attack on a rival physician, Jerome Cardan, in his *Exoticae Exercitationes* (1555), sect. 6, describes the like effect of the tones of the phorminx by way of illustrating the "jocosa sympathia" of a Gascon knight. A Devonshire gentleman's antipathy to the bag-pipes is the subject of a marginal note in a *Treatise of Specters*, 1605, a translation from the French of Pierre le Loyer. The experience noticed in the text was apparently not uncommon.

50–51 *for affection . . . mood*] The reading adopted here is that of Capell. The Quartos and the Folios have no stop after *urine;* a full stop, instead of a comma, after *affection;* and *Masters* instead of *Mistress* at the beginning of the next line. *Affection, i. e.* natural inclination or prejudice, is contrasted with *passion, i. e.* emotion. The two words are similarly contrasted by Shylock, III, i, 51, *supra.* "Masters" is spelt "Maisters" in the second Quarto and in the Second Folio, which justifies the reading "Mistress," sometimes spelt "Maistres."

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
BASS. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
BASS. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
BASS. Every offence is not a hate at first.
SHY. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
ANT. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

56 *woollen bag-pipe*] This reading is much disputed, but it seems to refer to a bag-pipe of sheepskin with the wool on. Capell's conjecture *wauling* has been widely adopted.

70 *think you . . . Jew*] remember you are conversing with, seeking to move the inflexible Jew.

When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that — than which what's harder? —
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

BASS. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHY. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

SHY. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
"The slaves are ours:" so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 't is mine and I will have it.

77 *fretten*] The reading of the Quartos, which was changed in the Folios to *fretted*, an inflexion which impairs the harmony of the verse.

87 *draw*] take or receive, as in "draw one's salary," or "draw one's money from a bank."

92 *parts*] capacities that are abject and only fitted for slaves to fill.

If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SALER. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

BASS. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk*

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. [*Presenting a letter.*

BASS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHY. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

GRA. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
GRA. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.
SHY. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?
NER. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.
DUKE. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*reads*] Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in contro-

142 *cureless*] irremediable. This is the reading of the Quartos. The Folios read less satisfactorily *endless*.

versy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA *for* BALTHASAR

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?
POR. I did, my lord.
DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
POR. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
POR. Is your name Shylock?
SHY. Shylock is my name.
POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

175 *within his danger*] in his power. The original meaning of danger (O. Fr. *dangier*, from Lat. *dominiarium*, sovereignty) was not, as in modern times, "peril," but "dominion," including the power to hurt or harm.

ANT. Ay, so he says.
POR. Do you confess the bond?
ANT. I do.
POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.
SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

179 *strain'd*] compelled, moved by force or compulsion. Portia takes up the challenge conveyed in Shylock's query, "On what compulsion must I?"

180 *the gentle rain*] Cf. *Ecclesiasticus* xxxv, 20: "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, *as clouds of rain* in the time of drought."

181 *blest*] Here used with an active significance, *i. e.* endowed with the power of blessing.

To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
POR. Is he not able to discharge the money?
BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
POR. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
SHY. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
SHY. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.
POR. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

218–219 *A Daniel . . . young judge*] The allusion is to the "History of Susannah" in the *Apocrypha*, where Daniel, "a young youth" (v. 45) convicted the elders "of false witness by their own mouth" (v. 61), and "from that day forth was had in great reputation in the sight of the people" (v. 64).

SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
POR. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
SHY. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.
POR. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
POR. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
SHY. 'T is very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
POR. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
SHY. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond: — doth it not, noble judge? —
"Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.

POR. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
SHY. I have them ready.
POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
SHY. Is it so nominated in the bond?
POR. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
SHY. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.
POR. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?
ANT. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it presently with all my heart.

250 *balance*] commonly treated as a plural noun with the sense of "scales."

BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
GRA. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
NER. 'T is well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
SHY. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
SHY. Most rightful judge!
POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
SHY. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

291 *Barrabas*] This name is so spelt in Tyndale's and Coverdale's versions of the New Testament, but appears as "Barabbas" in the Authorized Version. "Barabas" with the accents, as here, on the first and third syllables is the name of the hero in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Shakespeare was no doubt following Marlowe's guidance.

POR. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh:"
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh:
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
GRA. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
SHY. Is that the law?
POR. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
GRA. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
SHY. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
BASS. Here is the money.
POR. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
POR. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
POR. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.
BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
POR. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
GRA. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal?
POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
SHY. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I 'll stay no longer question.
POR. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

GRA. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shall see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

POR. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANT. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,

378 *in use*] in trust. Cf. Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass*, IV, vii, 42–43: "You do deliver this, sir, as your deed, To the *use* of Master Manley." Cf. Willobie's *Avisa*, Canto X, stanza 10: "[He] this *in trust* from me shall take, whilst thou dost live, *unto thy use*."

Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
DUKE. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
POR. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
SHY. I am content.
POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
SHY. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.
GRA. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shylock.*
DUKE. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
POR. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

394 *ten more*] a jury of twelve men. Cf. Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass*, V, v, 10–11: "I will leave you to your *godfathers in law*, Let *twelve men* work."

BASS. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
ANT. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
POR. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
BASS. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
POR. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;
[*To Ant.*
And, for your love I 'll take this ring from you: [*To Bass.*]
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
BASS. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
POR. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
BASS. There 's more depends on this than on the value.

407 *cope*] requite, give the equivalent of. This is a very rare usage. The cognate word "recoup" is ordinarily employed.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
POR. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
BASS. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.
POR. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*
ANT. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
BASS. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

446 *'gainst*] This is the reading of the Quartos, and leaves the line deficient in one foot. All the Folios read *against*, the adoption of which requires *valued* to be pronounced trisyllabically.

SCENE II — THE SAME

A STREET

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA

POR. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we 'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO

GRA. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
POR. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
GRA. That will I do.
NER. Sir, I would speak with you.
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*Aside to Portia.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
POR. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;

15 *old*] a colloquial intensitive: "any amount of." See Glossary.

But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry!

NER. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH—SCENE I—BELMONT

AVENUE TO PORTIA'S HOUSE

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA

LORENZO

THE MOON SHINES bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JES. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

4–14 *Troilus . . . Æson*] The allusions to Troilus and to the three classical heroines in this passage all seem suggested by Chaucer, though Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* doubtless

LOR. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
JES. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
LOR. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
JES. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.
LOR. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
JES. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO

LOR. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
STEPH. A friend.
LOR. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

gave some additional hints. The reference to Troilus seems taken directly and exclusively from Chaucer's *Troylus and Cresseide*, Book V, 666–670. The story of Thisbe is the second topic in Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*. The tale of Dido is the third, and the legend of Medea closely follows.

STEPH. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
LOR. Who comes with her?
STEPH. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
LOR. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT

LAUN. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
LOR. Who calls?
LAUN. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!
LOR. Leave hollaing, man: here.
LAUN. Sola! where? where?
LOR. Here.

28 *Stephano*] Here, as in line 51, the second syllable is accented. Shakespeare in the *Tempest* employs the name with the first syllable accented in accordance with correct Italian usage.

41–42 *Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo*] This is an original and satisfactory reading of the Cambridge editors. The First Quarto reads *M. Lorenzo, M. Lorenzo.* The Second Quarto and the First Folio read *M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo.* The reading most commonly adopted is based on the Third Folio, *M. Lorenzo, and Mrs. Lorenza.* Delius reads, *Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo.*

LAUN. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

LOR. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

JES. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA

POR. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NER. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

POR. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

NER. It is your music, madam, of the house.

POR. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
NER. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
POR. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*
LOR. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
POR. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.
POR. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
LOR. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
POR. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take

99 *without respect*] *sc.* of circumstance. Cf. 156, *infra*, where Nerissa uses in much the same sense "respective," *i. e.* regardful of the attending circumstances.

No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*

LOR. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

POR. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers*

BASS. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

POR. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

BASS. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

POR. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.

POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

121 *A tucket*] A flourish on the trumpet, from the Italian *toccata*. Cf. Florio's *Ital.-Eng. Dict.*: "Toccáta d'un músico, a preludium that cunning musitions use to play as it were voluntary before any set lesson."

129 *light*] See note on II, vi, 42, *supra*.

It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
GRA. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
POR. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?
GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."
NER. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.
GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.
NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
GRA. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,

141 *breathing courtesy*] the courtesy of breath; welcome in words. Cf. *Macb.*, V, iii, 27: "*mouth-honour, breath.*"

156 *respective*] see note on line 99, *supra*.

162 *scrubbed*] a contemptuous epithet implying both repulsiveness and insignificance. According to Coles's *Lat.-Engl. Dict.*, 1677, "scrubbed" was equivalent to the Latin "*squalidus*." It still sur-

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
POR. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.
BASS. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
GRA. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
POR. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.
BASS. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

vives in the colloquial "scrubby." In Cotgrave's *Fr.-Eng. Dict.* "Marpaut" is interpreted "an ill-favoured *scrub*," "a little ouglie or swartie wretch."

POR. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
NER. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.
BASS. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
POR. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.
BASS. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

201 *contain*] retain. Cf. IV, i, 50, *supra*: "Cannot *contain* their urine."
206 *ceremony*] an ornament of sacred import; a solemn trophy. Cf. *Jul. Caes.*, I, i, 65, 66: "Disrobe the images, If you do find them decked with *ceremonies*."
210 *civil doctor*] a doctor of civil law.

And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

POR. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

NER. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRA. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.

ANT. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

220 *candles of the night*] Cf. *Sonnet* xxi, 12: "As those gold *candles* fixed in heaven's air."

POR. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

BASS. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself, —

POR. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.

BASS. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANT. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

POR. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANT. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

BASS. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

POR. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

NER. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

GRA. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

POR. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
ANT. I am dumb.
BASS. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?
GRA. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
NER. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
BASS. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
ANT. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
POR. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
NER. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

LOR. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
POR. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
GRA. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I 'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

298 *inter'gatories*] This abbreviated form of "interrogatories" is common in Elizabethan literature. An "interrogatory" is a question formally put (or drawn up in writing to be put) either to an accused person or to a witness in legal proceedings. The term is frequently used by Elizabethan dramatists, especially by Ben Jonson. Cf. his *Volpone*, I, 1; *Cynthia's Revels*, IV, 1; *Silent Woman*, IV, 2, *ad fin.*